KEKI MOOS
Life & Still Life



PUBLISHED BY :
MAHARASHTRA STATE BOARD FOR LITERATURE & CULTURE BOMBAY

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A PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTFOLIO OF KEKI MOOS



Published by

Secretary, Maharashtra State Board For Literature and Culture, Mantralaya, Bombay-400 032

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To-
Keki Moos
Who dedicated his whole life to Art......

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PREFACE

Long ago, while I was passing through Chalisgaon somebody had told me that there lived in the town an eccentric person who did not move out of his house for a number of years. I was, however, informed that he had won a number of national and international awards in photography. I had totally forgotten about this incident till in 1981 my friend Shri W.R. Sonar moved a resolution in the meeting of Maharashtra State Board of Literature and Culture that we should publish a collection of selected photographs by Shri Moos of Chalisgaon. I could then discover that the queer person about whom I was told and Shri Moos were one and the same. However, although we decided to publish the photographs taken by Shri Moos the span and grandeur of Moos's achievements were not quite clear to me at that time. But when I actually went to Chalisgaon and saw the photographic museum of Shri Moos I was simply amazed and dumb-founded and had no words to express my appreciation of this genius. Till then I was thinking that photography was not an art. The table top photography of Shri Moos completely dispelled me of my ignorance and I remembered the lines of Goldsmith: "Those who went to scoff remained to praise." Goldsimth's description of the village school-master was much more true in respect of the artist who, for fifty years, lived a secluded life in his bungalow doing nothing but photography. The first thought which came to my mind was of publishing this collection of photographs.

I am extremely happy that this dream of mine has now been realized. Maharashtra State Board For Literature And Culture should indeed be proud of publishing this book of pictures prepared by the great artist. On behalf of the State Board I should be grateful to Shri Keki Moos for allowing me to publish this valuable treasure. I must thank Shri Dilip Kulkarni for his painstaking efforts in writing the script, and designing the layout of the book. I must thank Shri W.R. Sonar, first, for moving the resolution in the State Board for publishing this book and then for introducing me to Shri Moos and Shri Dilip Kulkarni who drew the plan of this book. I must also thank Shri Bal Samant, Shri K.J. Purohit, Shri Dnyaneshwara Nadkarni and Shri Divakar Mohoni in going critically through the script. Last but not the least I must thank Shri Purkar, the C.E.O. of Shivraj Fine Art Litho Works (DCVL), Nagpur and also the Staff members of the Press, for the interest they took in bringing out this book in such a short time.

S.S. Barlingay,
Chairman
Maharashtra State Board for Literature & Culture,

Bombay,
19th November, 1983.

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TABLE TOP AND ITS INTRICACIES

Table Top!

'Table Top' is one of the most imaginative and creative forms of photography. In this form you do not merely photograph what is before you but create what you have to capture with your lens. It is a great feat in conception, simulation and execution. In short it gives to an idea a local habitation and a name.

An idea is the most important element in a table-top work. Starting to make a table-top picture without an idea is as meaningless a task as building a house without a plan. If an idea catches you, there is no getting away from it. It takes you through and you learn a lot as you go along with it. It teaches you patience; it gives you a sense of quality and lastly it shows you how lovely pictures, even of the outside world can be made within the four walls of your room.

How to search for an idea for a table-top work? Do not imagine for a moment that anybody can tell you as to how to get an idea, nor can anyone instil it into you. The quality of your idea depends on the quality of your mind. In other words, table-top work reflects your mind and its wealth of ideas. But idea alone is not enough.

Inattention to details is the reason why many a picture fails. The idea may be brilliant but, if the subject is intended to be treated in a serious way, details should be as correct as possible. In short, if you want your camera to tell a story, amuse a friend, describe an accident, announce an event, enliven a corner, plan a home or a garden, or do some of the

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many other things, give the table-top method serious attention.

If only you are a bit creative, and ready to spend hours in working out the idea, you can depict every kind of mood and atmosphere, recreate joy or sorrow, copy the real and the unreal in nature; in short reproduce the whole world of reality and fantasy. It is not enough for you only to be an artist; you have to be a carpenter, a builder, a worker of all sorts. Then alone you can keep pace with your soaring imagination.

Then comes the question of composition or the arrangement of the scene itself. This again requires a special aptitude, which is inborn in an artist. This inborn aptitude, however, must be matched by constant ever-increasing hard work. You have to work hard to create taste for this kind of art. You have to 'feed' and train your eyes continuously. In order to achieve the desired effect you have to follow scrupulously the rules of good composition. Special attention has to be given to the correct size and proportion of the scene including the models used therein.

Many books suggest the golden rule of lighting from the back, but this type of lighting results in an ordinary type of picture devoid of any interest and will never appeal to the advanced worker, who will prefer the lighting to be directly in front of the lens to create that wonderful effect of 'Contra-jaur' lighting. Here the advanced worker purposefully breaks the golden rule, to create something extra-ordinary, and he definitely knows as to what he is after. A particular type of setting demands a particular type of lighting to suit the theme. So, we must remember that a funeral procession and a marriage procession are

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two entirely different entities in spite of same common visual elements. Exact matching of the lighting to the theme is absolutely necessary.

Gay types of subjects are better done, always with a full lighting, and the serious ones need 'dramatic' type of lighting, whereas sorrow and suffering are well depicted in the low key type of lighting.

No half baked idea or haphazard, hasty planning can produce a perfect picture. The idea at times takes days, months and years to take shape and it demands all kinds of material. If the material is not readily available locally we have to strain hard to get it from outside. At times we have to 'create' it ourselves. This is fun and a challenge.

When such a problem arises, we have to prepare the needed thing out of a cardboard, plasticine wood, cement or plaster. In such cases, our real creative ability and artisitic temperament is tested.

It is said that many serious amateurs consider the so-called 'table top' work beneath their dignity and yet a closer examination of the subject and of the work involved shows that no budding pictorialist can afford to ignore the opportunitites offered by a study of the problems.

'Table-top' can be divided into three different types: the humorous, the realistic and the abstract. They are limited only by the imagination and the manipulative ability of the artist himself.

It has been said that a good table-top should be a blend of fantasy and realism. Yet the purely realistic work should not be disregarded since many a thing about picture-building as well as the arrangement of the subject matter is, herein, learnt by the beginners.

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In short authentic 'tale top photographs can be had with the help of beautiful models and a very keen sense of inventiveness.

We must not forget that improper use of models will spoil the whole project as it will lack conviction. Hence great care has to be taken in selecting models. This does not mean that only glamorous models are necessary. What is necessary is that the models must match with the idea behind the project. Realistic projects must have realistic models in terms of their shape and size. Needless to say that humorous subjects afford a lot of freedom in this regard.

A clear conception of the idea you intend to get over should most certainly be present in your mind before you begin; otherwise you will struggle along with your things, pushing them here and there, till in a fit of dejection you will most probably throw away the whole setting, cancel it away, never again to bring it into the photographic world in the form of a salon print.

Either the idea is born first, and you then look around for suitable models to represent it or you see the model first and gain an idea from it afterwords. Whichever way you start, it makes little difference. Your aim is to create a work of art.

In 'table-top' we certainly have an opportunity to express our creative faculty in the most varied and rewarding manner. After all what is interesting and creative is to start with an idea, a model or two, some pieces of cardboard or wood, needle and thread, a few leaves, dry twigs, chalk powder and convert all this into a world that will exude unending pleasure.

'Table-top' is, indeed, a grand and gorgeous game both for the maker and the viewer.

This particular branch of photography also demands from the artist a great deal of imagination. It gives an unlimited scope to your skill of composition. Only in name it is "Still Life". In effect it is, indeed, very dynamic.

One can use for still life costly antiques, china ware, all kinds of toys and common things of daily use. You have to select very carefully the correct expression and the right model that will suit your theme. Once you have done this your still life work will hold, as it were, for ages. Age cannot wither it. But remember that the right and lovely things you need are not easily available; nor cheap substitutes will do for a good still life work. Therefore select the correct things of correct size (in relation to the dimensions of the scene itself).

Lighting

As regards lighting either ordinary household lamps in reflectors or the spot lights would serve the purpose.

Composition

Now comes composition and good tasteful arrangement of the effects. For this you have to have an inborn gift. Nobody, no book, can teach you this as such but examples of others may help.

You alone must make efforts to develop taste and train your eyes. This is the first requirement, second is your readiness to follow the rules of good composition.

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Execution

Once you are ready with your idea and models you can do your shooting provided you do it not in a hurry but pay careful attention to details and arrange your composition and lighting in a manner suitable to the subject in hand and the mood it conveys.

Idea and inspiration

As there are lighter sides of still life there are serious ones which lead us to a dreamy stage and poetic conception as is seen in Mr. Keki Moos's "Devotion to somebody far-a-far" where a burnt out candle and a dead butterfly are the only objects used as models.



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A DEDICATED RECLUSE

1920

The train pulled into Chalisgaon station one summer night at 9.30. Manekji Framji Moos, his wife and their eight-year-old son alighted as a wave of scorching heat swept over them. Only those who have been to the Khandesh region in April-May know the rigours of summer there.

Chalisgaon was a small village in those days, somnolent, dusty. The station had just two platforms. A mile-long, usually deserted, road led to the village. a conglomeration of some forty houses including those of three or four brahmins. The Mooses were coming to Chalisgaon to settle in a village as its first Parsi inhabitants.

The handsome, curly-haired, boy was totally averse to living there and constantly insisted on returning to Bombay back to his home on Malabar Hill, a home alive with a host of relatives: uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers-in-law. Realising that the boy would never be happy in Chalisgaon, Manekji sent him back to Bombay.

Keki who hated Chalisgaon at first sight was later on to immure himself in that very village and spend his entire life there.

Bombay

Keki's uncle was a most affectionate man. He had the boy admitted to school. Keki, an extremely quiet and peaceful boy endured without a whisper of complaint all the teasing, all the beating, all the indignity his schoolmates showered on him. He seemed to be under training for enduring a life of unremitting misfortune with complete stoicism.

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He was a good student and from school he progressed to college and graduated in the first class from Wilson College. What next, was a question that did not bother him or his uncle. A renowned building contractor, Keki's uncle had no children and Keki was everything to him.

But what about Keki? He had already charted the course of his life: he would become an artist.

As a school boy one day he had drawn a picture of his house and kept looking at it for hours. His uncle came to see what Keki was doing. Standing behind him he saw the picture of the house, an excellent omen for one who would inherit a contractor's firm. He patted Keki on the back and went away. Little did he realise that Keki would never build a house of brick and stone. There was an exchange of bitter words between them.

Soon he was to realise that Keki was not at all interested in his business. To his uncle there was no more unpardonable crime than becoming an artist. Was not art an invitation to a life of begging? It was with dismay that Keki's father also heard of Keki's decision.

Says Keki, 'But as opposition grew, the more firm became my decision to follow the path of art. Unhappiness and uncertainty naturally became my constant companions.'

'Wasn't there a single soul who liked your pictures, who was sympathetic with you, Keki?' I asked him, beginning a long and intimate conversation, rare for both my subject and myself.

'No, and finally I had to agree to return to Chalisgaon. Mama was with me. A large batch of relatives came to V.T. to see us off. One of them said, 'Keki, you're off to Chalisgaon. You fool! you were to become an artist! Now you'll be only selling liquor and soda bottles.'

'Furious, I closed the door with a bang... and the metal shutter crashed down and crushed my five fingers. The pain was nothing compared with the agony I felt at the prospect of selling liquor.

An unending journey begins

'When we reached Chalisgaon, however, Mama said, "Keki, you go where you want to. I'll appoint a man to look after the shop."

'What a chance! I left for England immediately. There I enrolled myself at the Bennet College, Sheffield.

'There in commercial art I began to win award after award.'

'But when did you study photography?'

'Photography is a part of the commercial art course. I studied it in 1937.'

'How many years were you in England?'

'1935 to 1938. In fact, I completed the course in just two years. I was made an honorary member of the Royal Society of Art of Great Britain. Then I visited America, Japan, Switzerland and Russia. I saw photographic exhibitions there. The technology of the camera was not far advanced. We were using box cameras.'

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'Keki, if only you had this NIKON camera of mine then?'

'Wouldn't have mattered a bit. The make of the camera is not so important. It's the eye behind the camera!'

Forty-eight years have passed since Keki left Bombay, but the pursuit continues; much like the penance of a yogi.

Keki Moos has been in Chalisgaon since 1938. He never goes out anywhere. Like a living ghost he glides about his immense house.

'I haven't even seen Chalisgaon well,' he says. 'I have never been on that mile-long road leading to the town from the railway station. Why, I haven't even walked on that road outside by garden gate. Since that day in 1938 when I entered this house, I haven't stepped out.'

'Why, Keki, why?'

'Why should I go out? Not that I'm afraid of people. I just deliberately avoid them. It's better to be alone than be with stupid people. You've seen what sort of people are around here. They think I'm a strange man living in a corner of the village. A mad man. They point their finger at me as they would at a caged wild animal. They comment on how I live, how I behave, how I talk. Ask them how many of them have cared to come to my studio to see my art.

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'Once an American artist visited me. He had come to see Ellora and Ajanta. He had heard that close to Ellora in Chalisgaon there lived a world-famous old artist. He came to Chalisgaon from Manmad by train and enquired at the rickshaw stand at the railway station: Where does Moos live?

'A well dressed man volunteered to show the way. He took him in a richshaw to Anandibai Bankat High School 1½ Km away and got down there telling the driver to take the visitor on the overbridge, along the College Road to the house of Mr. Moos. This distance is some 2½ Km.

'You see, I live within hearing distance from the railway station. But the poor American was made to go four Km and pay for the distance. That's the sort of people we have here.

'Before leaving, the American said: I saw the lovely frescos of Ajanta. The superb figures and statues at Ellora. But they are all dead images. Here in your museum I see living art.

Toil and trouble

'Since 1938 I've resisted the temptation to see even a cinema film. Neither have I seen any play. Perhaps if someone brought a projector here to show me a film, I may get a chance to see it. But even on that I am keen no more.

'In England I used to see plays regularly; I have stored in my mind the finest theatrical performances. Memory is my companion during this journey of mine.

'When I feel unbearably uneasy, I recollect every Act of the plays. After all, the life of every man is a drama, isn't it? Mine is a one-character play. That's all. Now the curtain has gone up on the Third Act. Only a short time is left. Once the curtain comes down, that'll be FINIS.

'May be, some will call my self-incarceration a farce. Others may say: 'Oh poor Moos! What a tragedy!'

'Sometimes I wonder. I sacrificed so much, went through hell. Toiled day and night to become a better artist. Neglected my health. Rejected all pleasures. All for the sake of becoming an artist. After all this trouble, really what have I achieved?

'When I used to do table-tops, if an idea came to mind it'd haunt me for days. I'd feverishly collect sticks and mud, cut plywood, prepare decorative forms, paste this, glue that. I'd spend four to five days just preparing the setting. I could not stand even the smallest imperfection. The accuracy you see in these table-tops is due to such effort.

'When my picture WINTER won the first prize I was deluged with congratultions. But not one asked me how I had taken that picture.!'

'You must have spent a fortune on photography. Have you sold any pictures?'

'I spent lots of money. Lots of time. True. But in return the success I had is before you. And I got satisfaction. The ecstasy of having made my dreams come true. Something few people are privileged to experience. Nothing in the world can be compared to it.

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'I wanted to become an artist, and I paid the price. That's all. I didn't bother about selling my pictures. I had no need to. Some people used to ask for them. I gave them the pictures but never took any money for them. Yet many have made fun of me and called me mad for having spent so much money on photography. But once I started winning awards the same people began sending me congratulatory telegrams. Of course that hardly pleased me. It all appeared so artificial, so hypocritical. Often I didn't even open the telegrams.

Moos got up and showed me three or four telegrams. They were unopened. I opened them. There was one from 1953, thirty years old, unopened. It said:

DEAR KEKI CONGRATULATIONS FOR YOUR
ONIONS AWAKENED — AHMED

'Inside these four walls I've created a separate world of my own,' says Keki. 'With just me and my art which has given me happiness all my life, given me moments of delight. In my lonely life photography has been my true companion. After Hathikhanawala nobody helped me. I struggled alone. In those days all royal roads were closed for my art. There were only people who obstructed me. Especially those among my own relatives spread far and wide like poisonous thorns. They hurt me during my journey. Pain used to fill up mind and tears would flow.'

'But despite all these difficulties I went my way and will always go my own way, because somebody has whispered in my ears:

"Keep toiling. Desire not the fruits.

Go and keep going. For in it lies your honour."

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Nectar and poison

'Along my journey I meet a variety of people..... the big and small, the famous and the unknown, millionaires and paupers. Beauties and brutes, too. The brilliant and the stupid. Some have given me inspiration. Some have given me pain.

'Once a judge visited me. A scholor, but ever conscious that he was a VIP. "He said: Mr. Moos, is it your view that all should come here and praise your art?"

'Excuse me,' I said. 'I don't invite anybody. If anybody comes I don't prohibit. Neither do I accept any invitation. There is no need for anybody's coming here and praising my art. Whatever I've done has been for my own satisfaction.'

He asked me if my art had indeed given me satisfaction. Now, how can he understand such satisfaction? And why should I convince him that I had truly received it? So I said: "Well, what is nectar for one man can be poison for another." This answer left him wordless.

'Yet, before leaving he said: "If you can prove that all this work has indeed been done by you alone, I'll become your disciple for life."

'I replied: "I've no intention of being anybody's teacher, nor do I want a disciple." And the judge gave his verdict.'

"Instead of shutting yourself up for years like this, why didn't you commit suicide?", he asked me.

'Such have been the criticisms and comments I've had to stomach all my life.'

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'I'm happy that my family of pictures is big. In my collection are works of my art as well as those of other great artists. They are all dear to me like children are to a father. Since art has been my life's partner those who don't know think that I am a man without a world.

'People around here are very curious to know what happens after midnight in my studio. Here, in my immense house, alone with my works of art in the quiet of the night, what exactly do you think happens?

'My pictures may be talking, shouting, awake or asleep. They are so much alive that at times they may provoke day-dreams. Even after midnight my studio lights keep burning. Everything is peaceful, quiet everywhere. Once in a while a cock in my garden crows mistakenly thinking it is dawn. From far away comes the sound of stray dogs barking. Or, on the rails nearby a goods train goes thundering as if it is committing an outrage on the quiet of the night.

'That is when I eat my dinner in peace.'

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The sorrows of life

'Why didn't you marry, Keki? True, art is your partner in life. Yet....'

'Well, I could have married sometime between 1935 and 1940. Those were the days of early marriage. When my father died I was already a little over-age, 23 years old. I was also recluse. Girls' fathers were perhaps unwilling to have me as their son-in-law. The Parsi girls who could have agreed to marry me did not want to live in Chalisgaon. They wanted to buy me. Should I be prepared to sacrifice my art just for marriage. I had a shop, a house, a piece of land, and even some bank balance. And I was trained abroad. Yet, I was rejected for I was an artist. An artist for them was just another name of a beggar.'

'Tell me Keki, which was the saddest episode in your life?'

Keki laughs and says: 'The beginning of this saga signalled the coming of a series of sad episodes. In 1954 my mother died. I used to call her Mama. She had been ill for seven years. There is no parallel to the sorrow she endured in those seven years. She was in a coma for two days and nobody knew when she died. Sometimes I feel she was angry with me because I became an artist. So she did not open her eyes even to look at me at the last moment. That, indeed, was the saddest moment of my life.'

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'I sobbed more than one who has been sentenced to death. All my pictures and sculptures wept with me. Truly that day I became an orphan. I had nobody left for me. I realised the shortness of life. I know soon the curtain will fall on the drama of my life too. And there will be nobody to weep for me. Only my orphaned pictures and my sculptures in dumb sorrow. That's what makes me sad.

'Well, my mother died. Neither she nor anybody else is deathless. When life begins, death too commences.

'I remember a story of Alexander the Great. While wandering in a jungle he heard that some ten miles away there was a lake which never dried up. If you drank just a drop of its crystal clear water you'd become immortal. He saw it, its clear water sparkling in the burning sun. He bent down to fill his cupped hands. Just then a crow sitting on a tree on the bank began to talk: "Wait, O King!" and he stopped and looked. There was the burning sun. There was the water of eternal life and there a crow talking like human being.

'The crow said: "O King! Just like you, hundreds of years ago I too came here and drank from that lake. A long, long time ago. Now I am tired of life. I want death, King. I jump into the water but fail to drown. I crash down from the tree but am not battered to death. I hit my head on the rock but death doesn't touch me. I am in search of a lake whose water can release me from the curse of immortality. Think, O King! If you want you may drink, but think before drinking. You won't get a second chance.

'Well, that's just a story but the philosophy behind the crow's words makes us think.

'Mama was gone. I wiped my tears and went back to work.'

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Prisoner by choice

Such is the story of this doyen of art. For photography and art he sacrificed his life.

He is now a tired man. He cannot do much work. He participated regularly in national and international salons until 1954. Thereafter he stopped sending his pictures. For photography he has won over 300 awards. Numerous citations are gathering dust in his house. In his 'cave' everything has been gathering dust over the past 48 years. Some of the things there are so old that they look like museum pieces. He has a collection of all the issues of the Illustrated Weekly of India since 1940. Collecting innumerable things has been his hobby.

What did this man not learn? Art, photography, Origami, sculpture.... these he mastered. In addition, the art of the sitar too. He is an excellent sitar player. He learnt sitar playing regularly from Pandit Feroz Farronji, Prof. Nasirkhan and then from Ustad Din Mahomed Khan.

Jogia is his favourite raag. When he sits down to play his sitar, time stands still for him. You may knock at his door incessantly, but he does not come out of his trance. He eats his lunch at 3 p.m., dinner at any time after midnight. He loves to play sitar at night. It is always quiet around his bungalow in the jungle. But if you put your ears to his door and listen, you will hear the sad and serene notes of Jogia.

If you visit Chalisgaon you will see the immense, almost dilapidated, mansion lost in a thick jungle of trees. In its spacious interior it interns the strange prisoner named Moos.

For he is indeed a prisoner.

A prisoner who has sentenced himself to life imprisonment as his revenge for the cruelty heaped upon him by life from its very beginning.

Imprisonment in the company of music, art and photography.

A strange prisoner by choice.

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Mr. Keki Manekji Moos.

Born in Bombay in 1912.

Educated at Wilson College.

Higher study in art at Bennet College of Fine Art, Sheffield, England.

* Winner of the Sir Ibrahim Rahimtulla Memorial Shield of the Photographic Society of India.
* Elected Associate of the Royal Photographic Scoiety of Great Britain (ARPS).
* First prize in the VII All India Exhibition (Photographic Society of India).
* Elected Active Member of the Photographic Society of America.
* First prize in the VI All India Exhibition (Photographic Society of India).
* Gold Medal at the Belgaum Fine Art Exhibition.
* Honorary Fellow of the Camera Art Faculties of India.
* Blue Ribbon Certificates (Indian Photography and Cinematography, Bangalore).
* 300 other awards and citations.

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TABLE TOPS

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1. WINTER

International Prize Winner: was also hung at All India Salons.
Card-board figures, small dry twigs and table salt has been used to give effect. The aerial perspective is created by putting a light near the screen and a second light to reduce the shadows.
A friend of Shri Moos sent him a Christmas card on which a beautiful painting was reproduced. At first, he admired the painting. After a lapse of time an idea struck him that he should try to do a small still life study. All he required was some sand, dry twigs, some chalk powder and salt to be used as snow, and a large white background. Since he had no suitable toy-model of this particular type, he drew the figure on a white mount and painted it with watercolour and that did it.

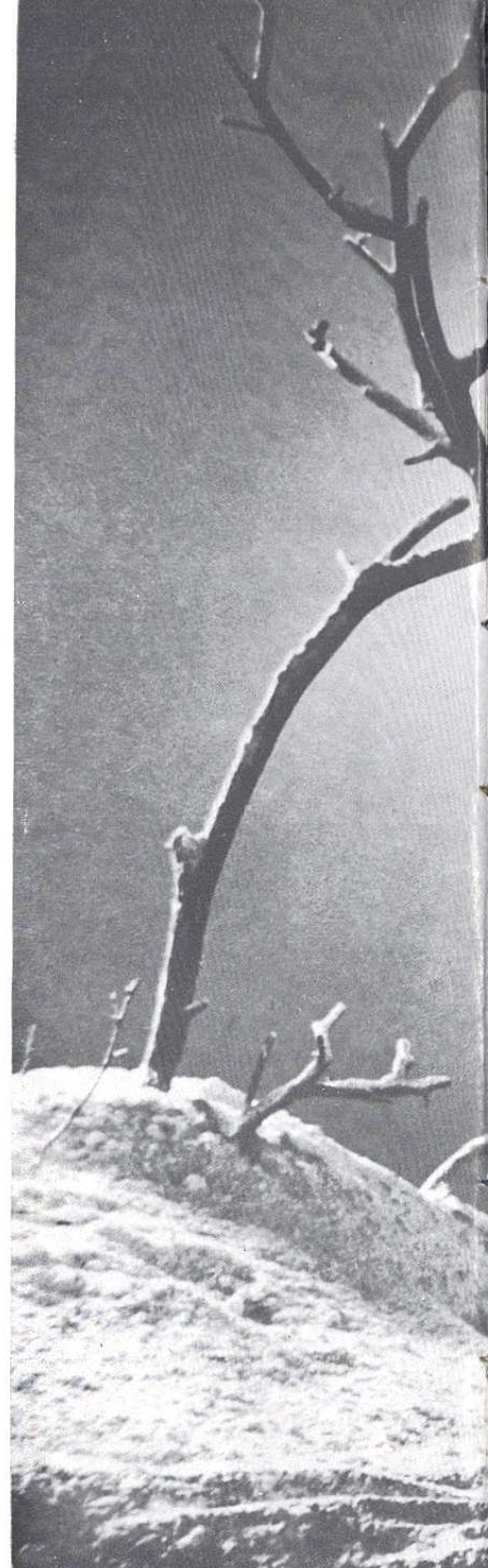


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2. MORNING

The Artist is fond of making paper birds like in origami of Japan. Once he prepared a cock, the sun bird and then he thought of creating this table top. He prepared a wooden compound and placed the cock on it.

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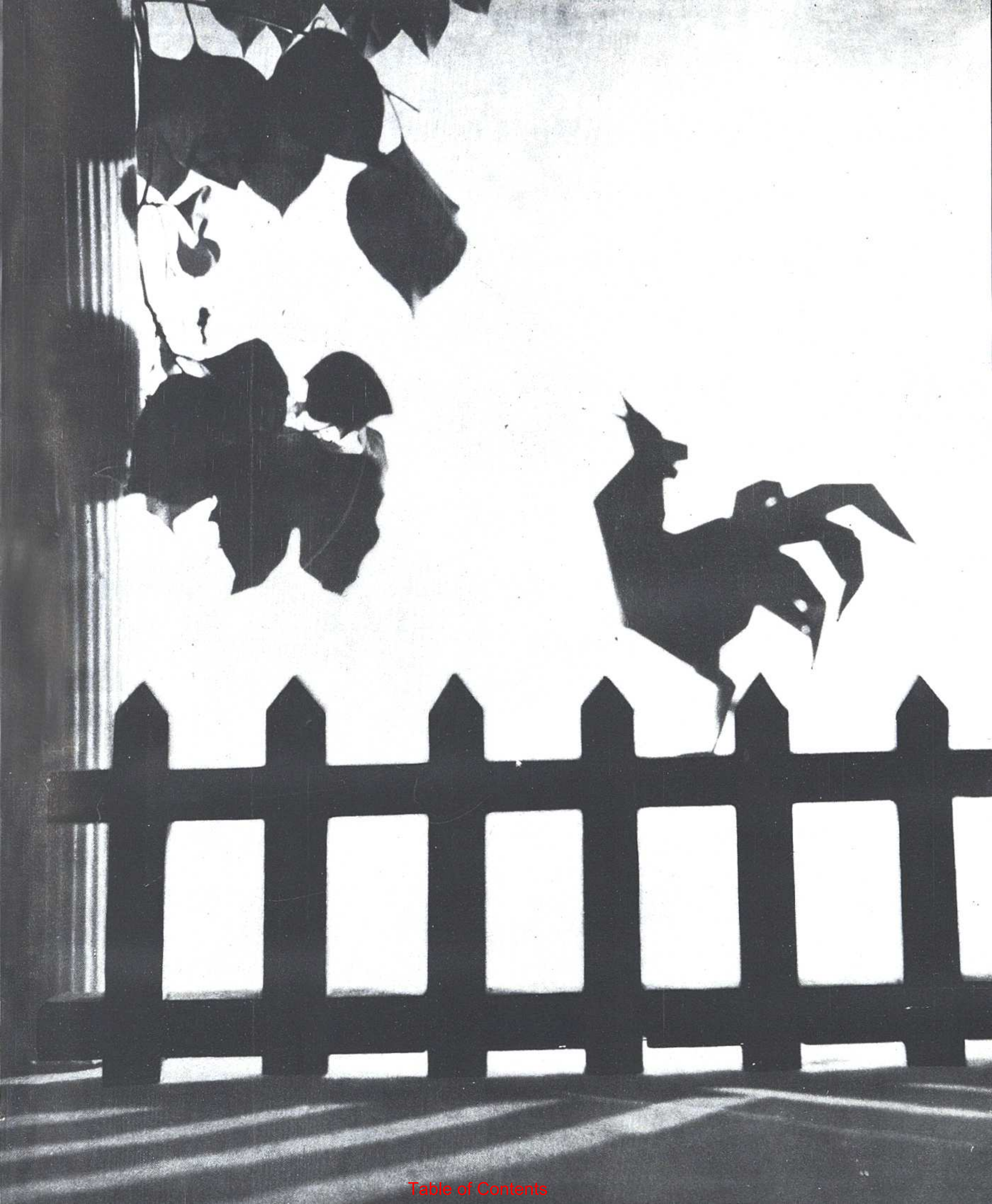


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3. SPILT MILK

Here plastic plates form the main figures. Cups and saucers depict another set of expression. These are hand painted. This is humorous table top. The creative sence of the artist is clearly evident here. For example, the saucer is used as a hat over which a half cut rubber bal is placed to show the roundness of it. The black dots are used from a Punching Machine.

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4. EVENT CASTING THE SHADOWS BEFORE HAND

This is a humorous table-top rendering of nature, illustrating the point about coming events casting shadows. The back-ground picture is handpainted and readymade figures are used.

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5. ARISE OH MASTER

This table-top study has a theme of tragedy. The dog has lost his master and he is sitting by the tomb. Here the artist has used the dog's Paper cut out as no such ready model was available. The tomb shows childhood, boyhood, manhood and the last stage of old age, the lines on the tomb's stone are——

'Listen here O passers by
Once was I as you are now
You shall be as I am now
Prepare youself to follow me'

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6. PORTRAIT OF NEHRU

Mr. Moos has 'composed' various aspects of Nehru's personality such as the globe, rose, and the statue of the Buddha.

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7. FAMINE

The figures are all cut from plywood. The map of India depicts the Calcutta famine. A big skull is shown depicting hunger and lean figures sitting beside a tree show pain and misery.
This was mounted on glass.

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8. NEARER TO THEE, MY LORD

The figure was hand-drawn. The hill was created with sand and some stones. A broken model of Tajmahal was used to create the mosque. Here it is the title that makes the picture.

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9. CO—EXISTENCE

Symbolic picture of iron wire and three flowers depicting co-existence. The strength of the picture lies in its simplicity.

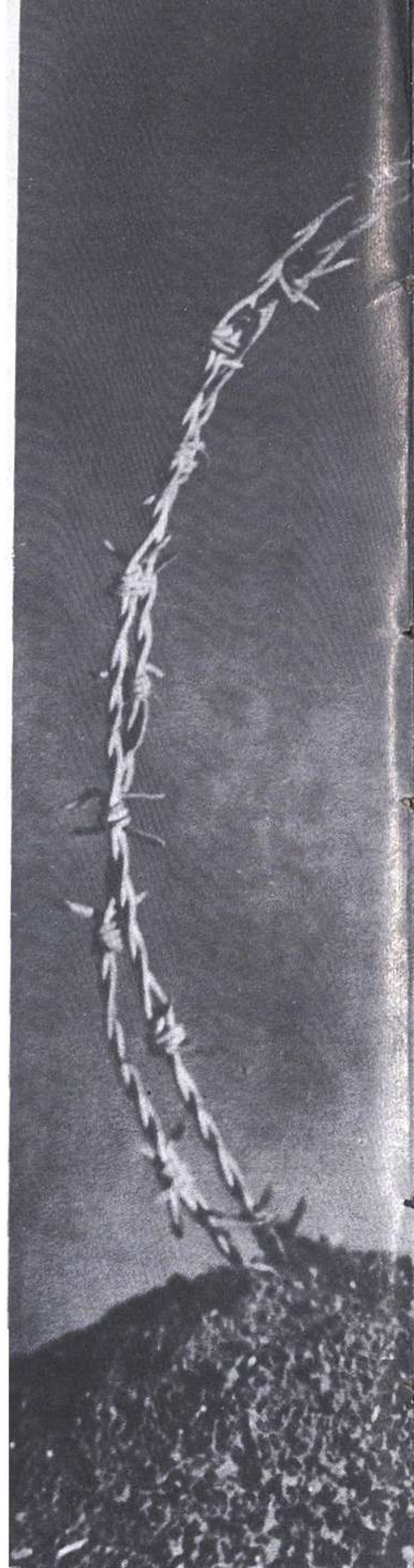


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10. JOURNEY'S END

An old man with a burden on his shoulder and resting on a stick, arriving at the destination.
The figure is cut from Plywood and mounted on a glass-sheet. The lighting is from behind and directly in front of the lens.

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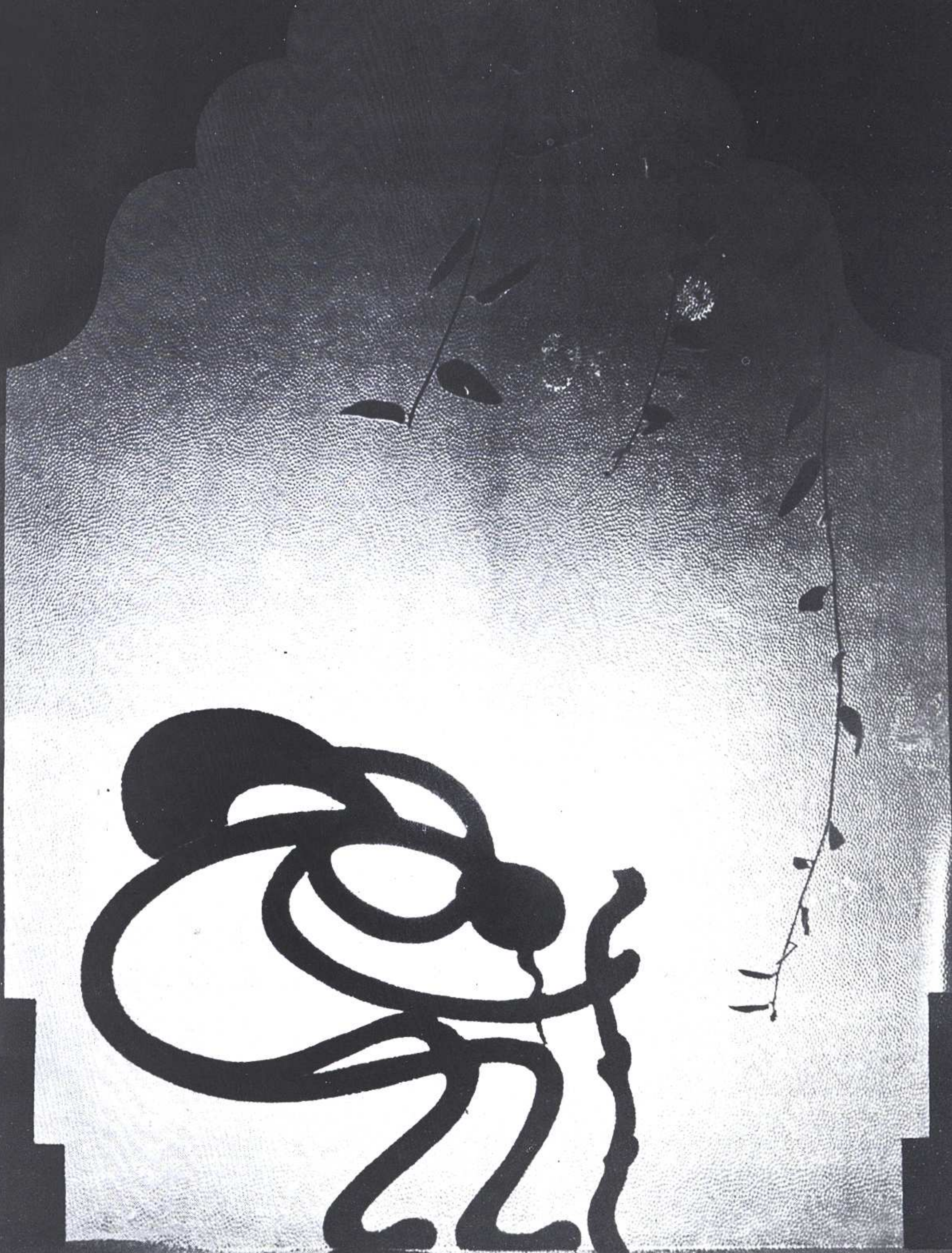


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11. FOR SHOPPING

The setting is made of wood. Mr Moos is a carpenter too. Once a friend from Bombay presented him a doll with an umbrella. This is what Mr. Moos made of it.

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12. SKIING

Wheat flour supplied in Government ration shops during the war was used to create mountains of snow. A small glass figure not more than 3" high was used as model to create this 'illusion' of skiing.

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13. WHICH CAME FIRST?

The figures are flat paper cut-outs. Only the egg shell is real. The expression on the monkey's face is humorous as also that of the chicken.

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14. FAMILY OF THE SOUTH

Ice bergs are shown by white paper cutouts. Three small glass figures are used as models. Snow effect was created by using table salt and chalk powder.

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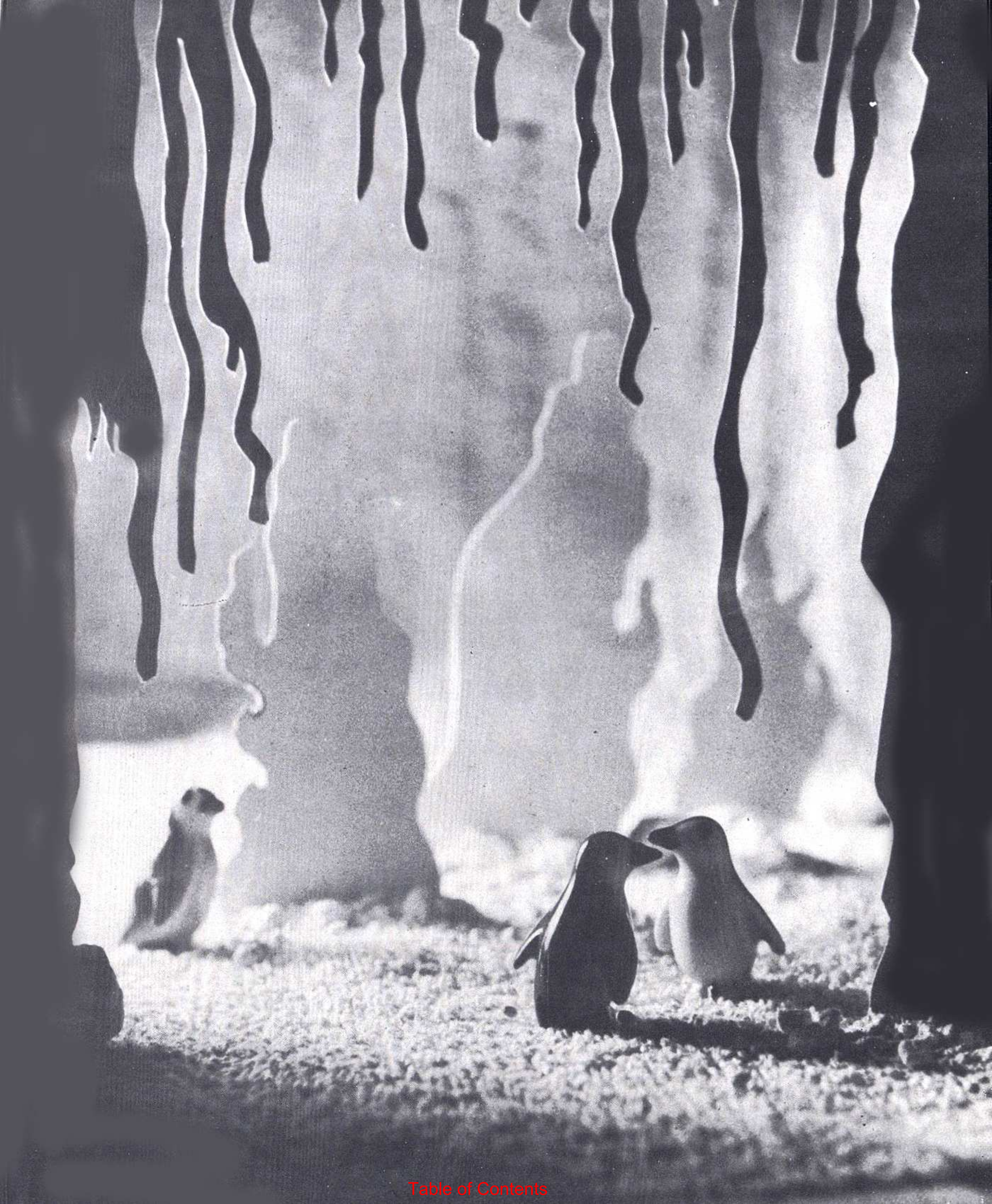


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15. MURDER OF THE INNOCENT

A small procelain duck was used along with a black paper cutout of the hand and knife.

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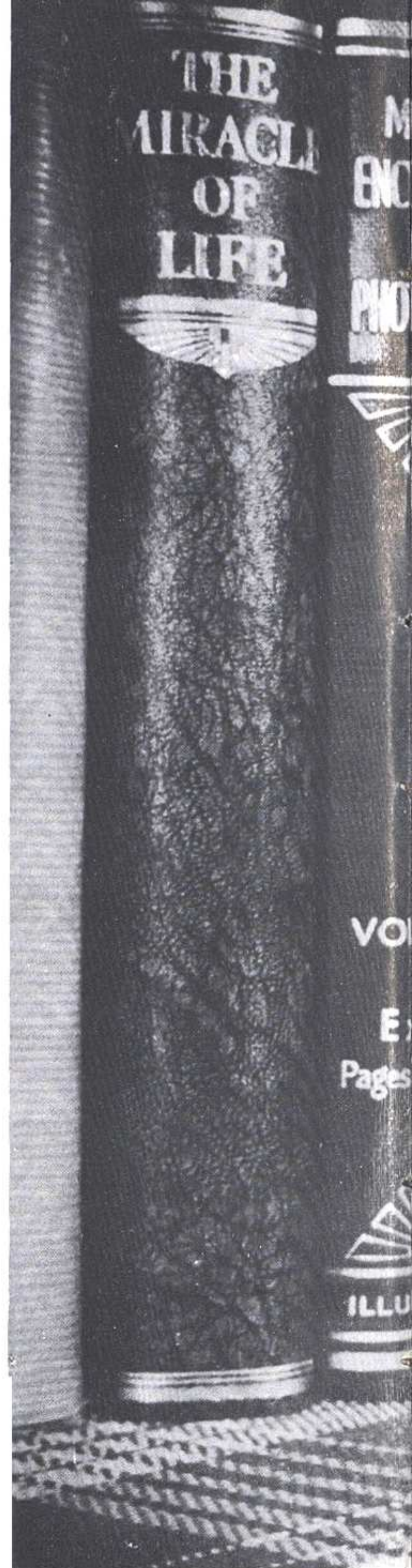
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16. BLESSINGS

The Plastic figure of Christ and the Bronze figure of an Angel were used for this table top.

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17. SILLY DUCK

This is another humorous table top. The duck thinking it to be a worm. Pulls at the book mark.

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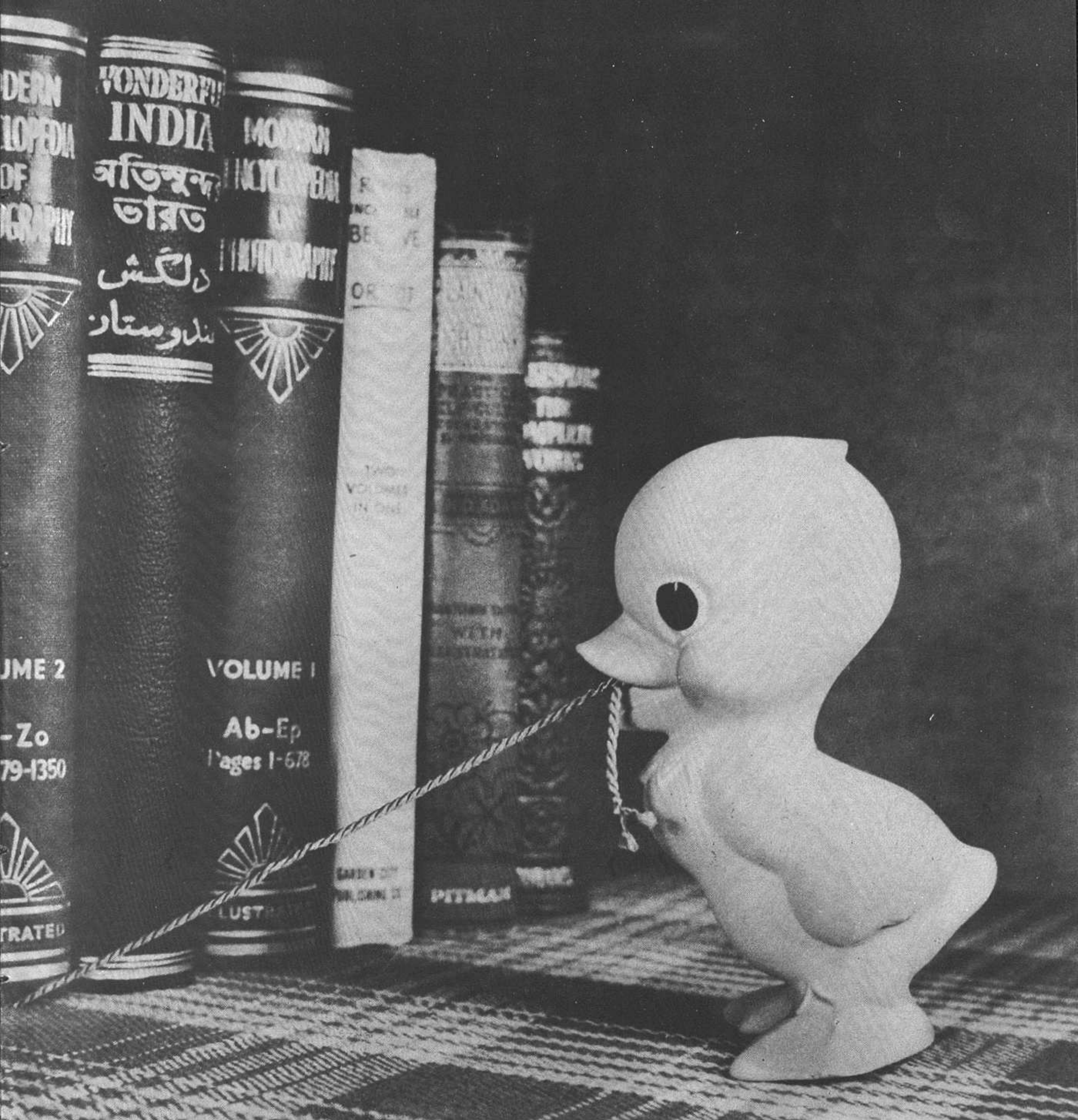


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18. FAMILY

Mr. Moos is also fond of making Origami paper work. Several Origami birds and animals are made by him.

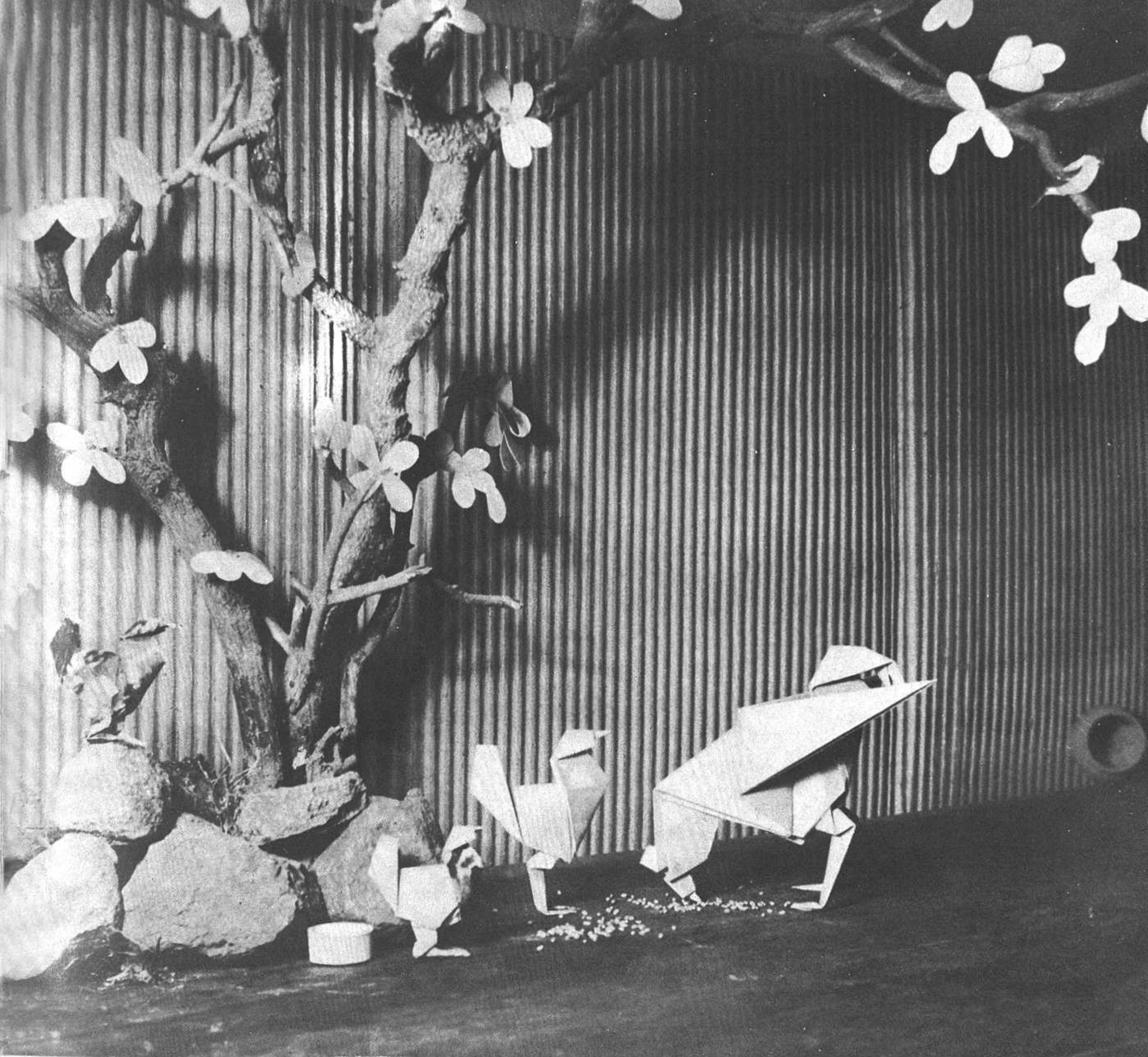


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19. INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH

Here in the background a picture of a tiger is used and some dwarfs are used as models to depict a humorous espisode.

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20. BUDDHA—SUJATA

This is a simple table top. Paper cutout is used. The figures of Lord Buddha and Sujata were cut from a calender.

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21. THE LEAVES TAKE LEAVE

This is a symbolic picture suggesting that after the book has been read through the pages in the form of figures are taking leave.

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22. PEACE OF THE WORLD

The Dove of peace is of flat paper and the globe is used to indicate the world.

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23. MORNING WALK

This is a table top study using the celluloid figure of a Princess. A paper parasel is given in her hand. The composition gives a three diamensional effect to the picture.

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24. HAWKER

Awarded the Sir Ibrahim Rahimtullah shield sponsored by the photographic society of India. A procelain figure was arranged with basket of fruits.
This "Hawker" was accepted by many International salons.

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25. ETERNAL PROBLEM

(Please see No. 10)

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26. MILKMAN

Both the figures used in this picture are cut out from paper and the remaining scene is arranged as usual. No ground glass water please., here it is real water.

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27. INVADORS

Yes. These are invadors! The waves in the background are 'Cotton-waves'.

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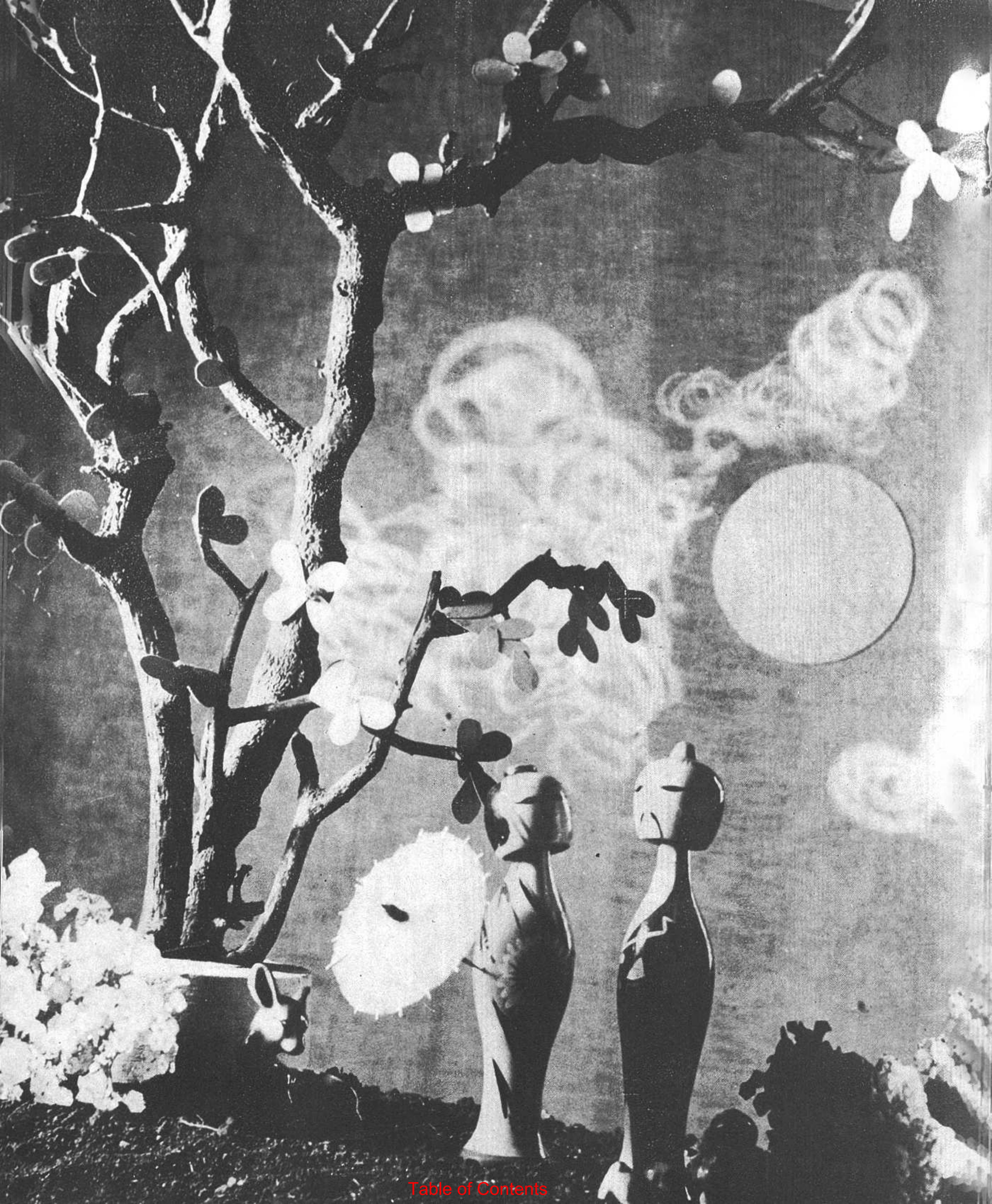
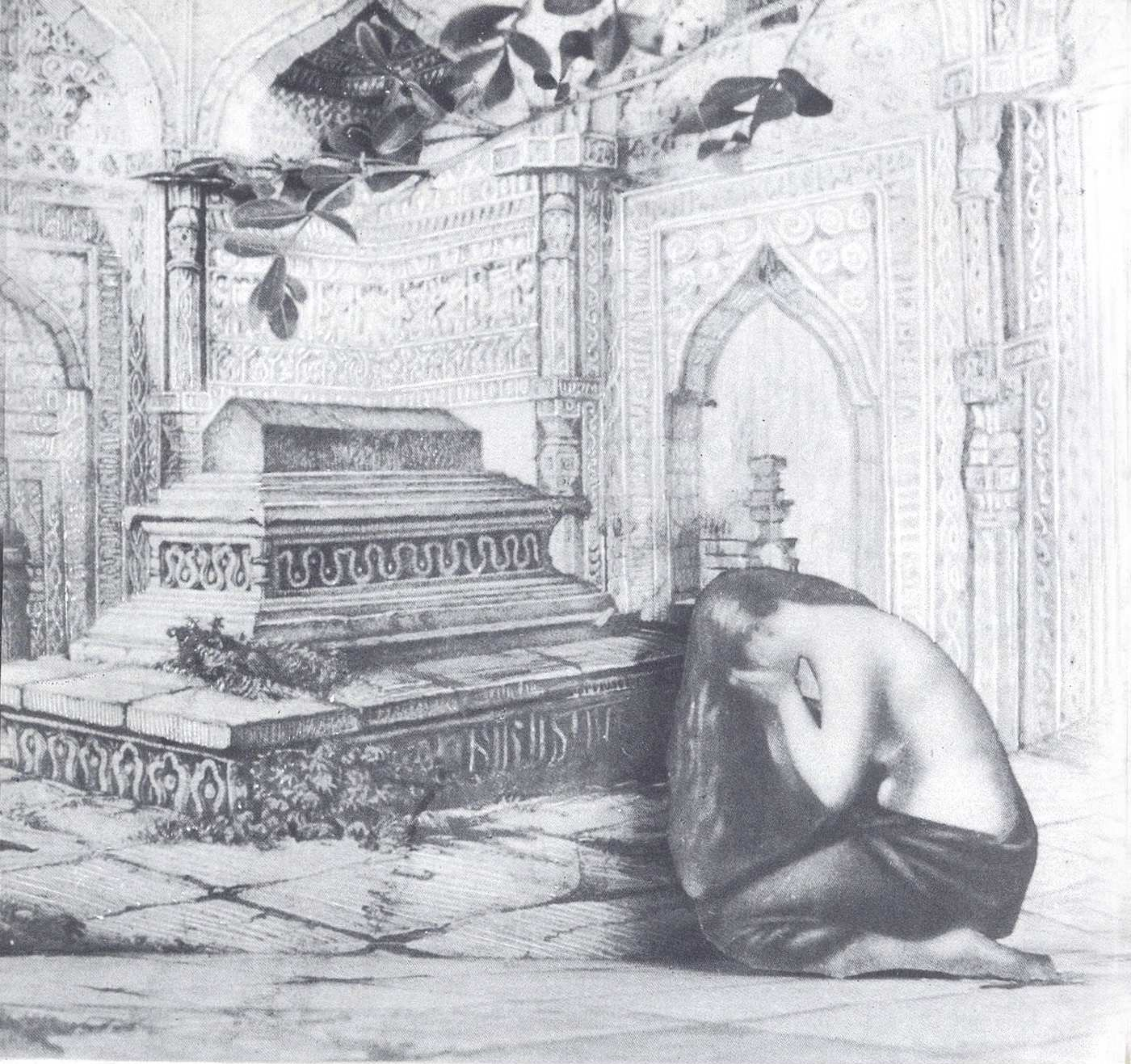


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28. HONEYMOON

It is a table top using wooden Japnease dolls.

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29. GRIEF

An inspiration from a Urdu poem.

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30. BROKEN MELODY

The whole setting is handpainted. The figure of the lady is a paper cut out and not three-diamensional. The broken melody is suggested by the broken strings of the veena. This photograph of the broken melody was inspired by a Urdu poem.

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31. ALMS

A lady giving alms to a woman. Both the figures are cut from plywood mounted on a glass sheet and lighted from behind.

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32. MEDITATION

A miniature indoor setting.

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33. BEGGAR WITHOUT

A superb table-top1
A beggar has begged for the whole day in vain at last he knocks at the doors of God.

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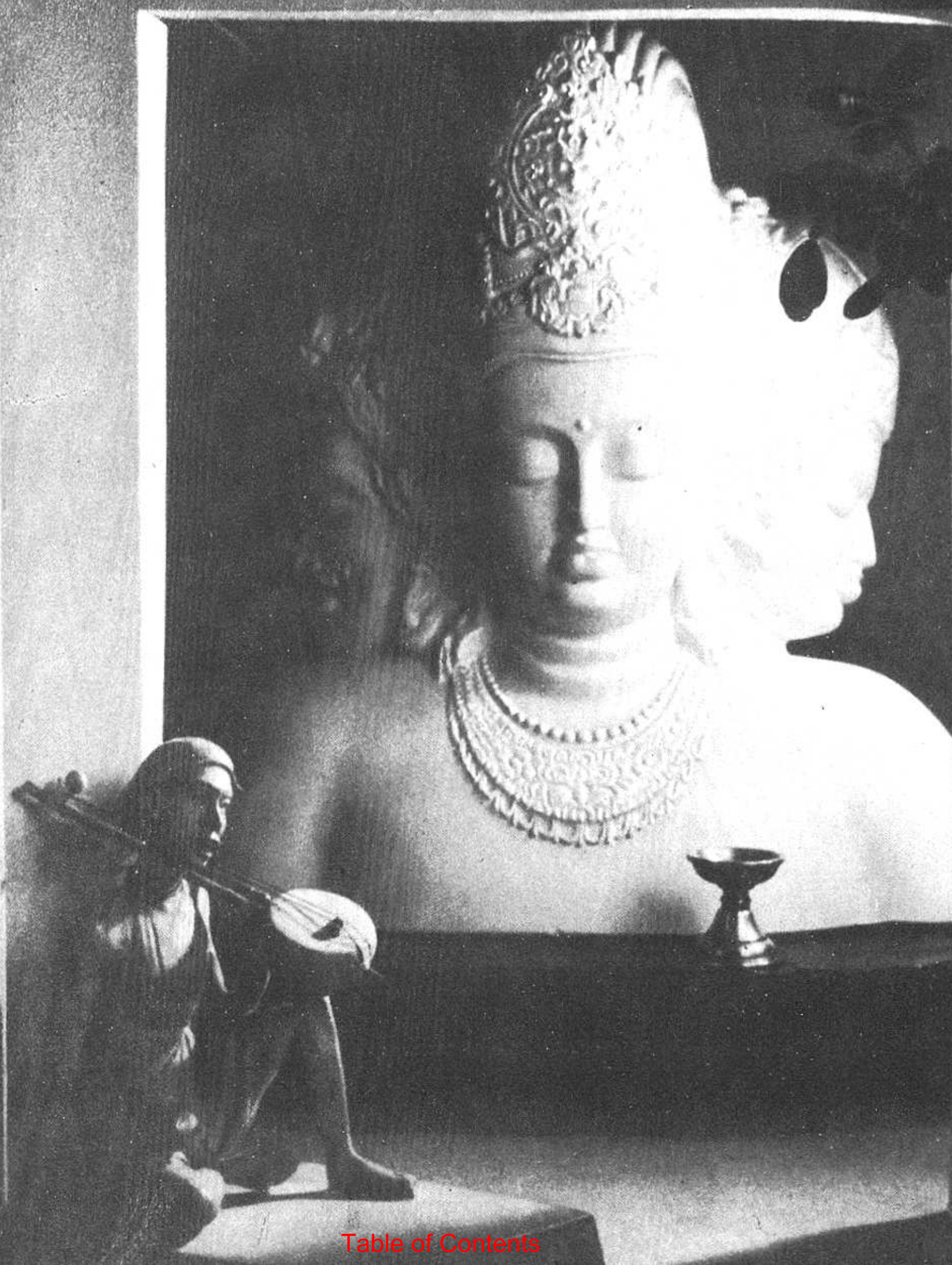


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34. EVENING SHADOWS

This is inspired by a poem of B.R. Tambe, the famous marathi poet. The hut, the tree and the old man are cut from plywood. The glass was kept behind the lighted from the back, resulting in a charming picture.

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35. A VILLAGE MORNING

A typical morning scene in an Indian village. The hut is made of grass.

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36. THE DREADED APPOINTMENT

Another humorous table-top
The glass door shows the dental surgeon at work on his patient.

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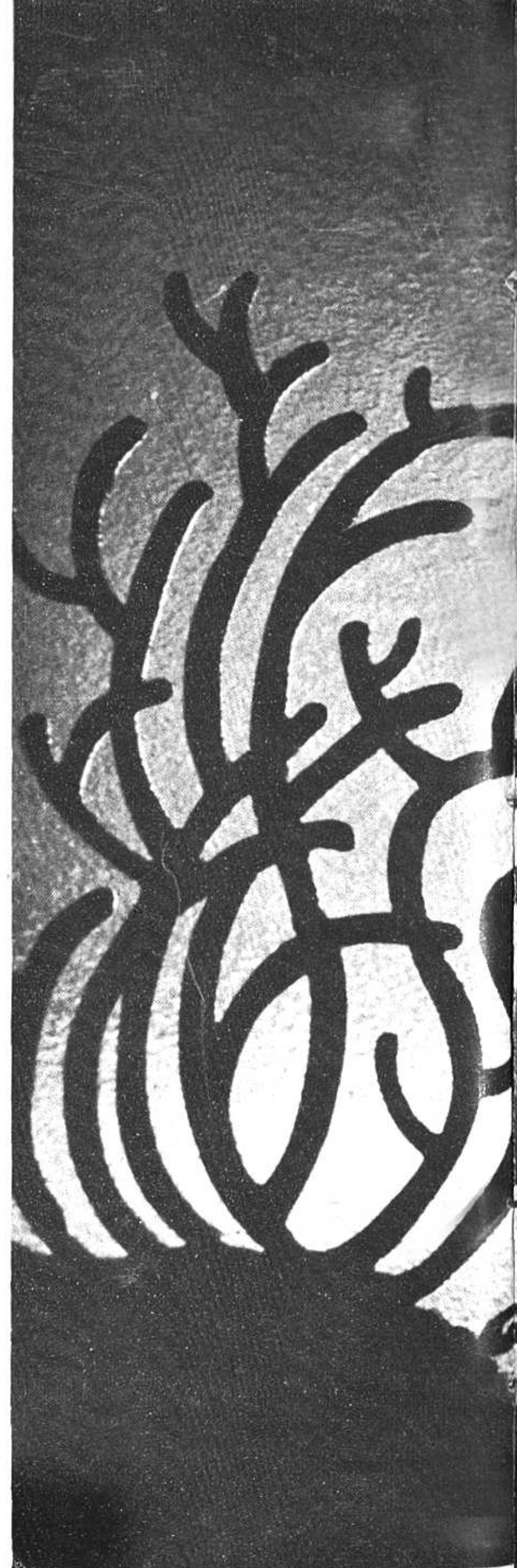
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37. LISTEN HERE O PASSERS BY

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38. SNAKE CHARMER

The figure used in this table top is made of clay and the human figure is cutout from a calendar.



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39. SURF RIDERS

Small glass figures were used to create this effect.

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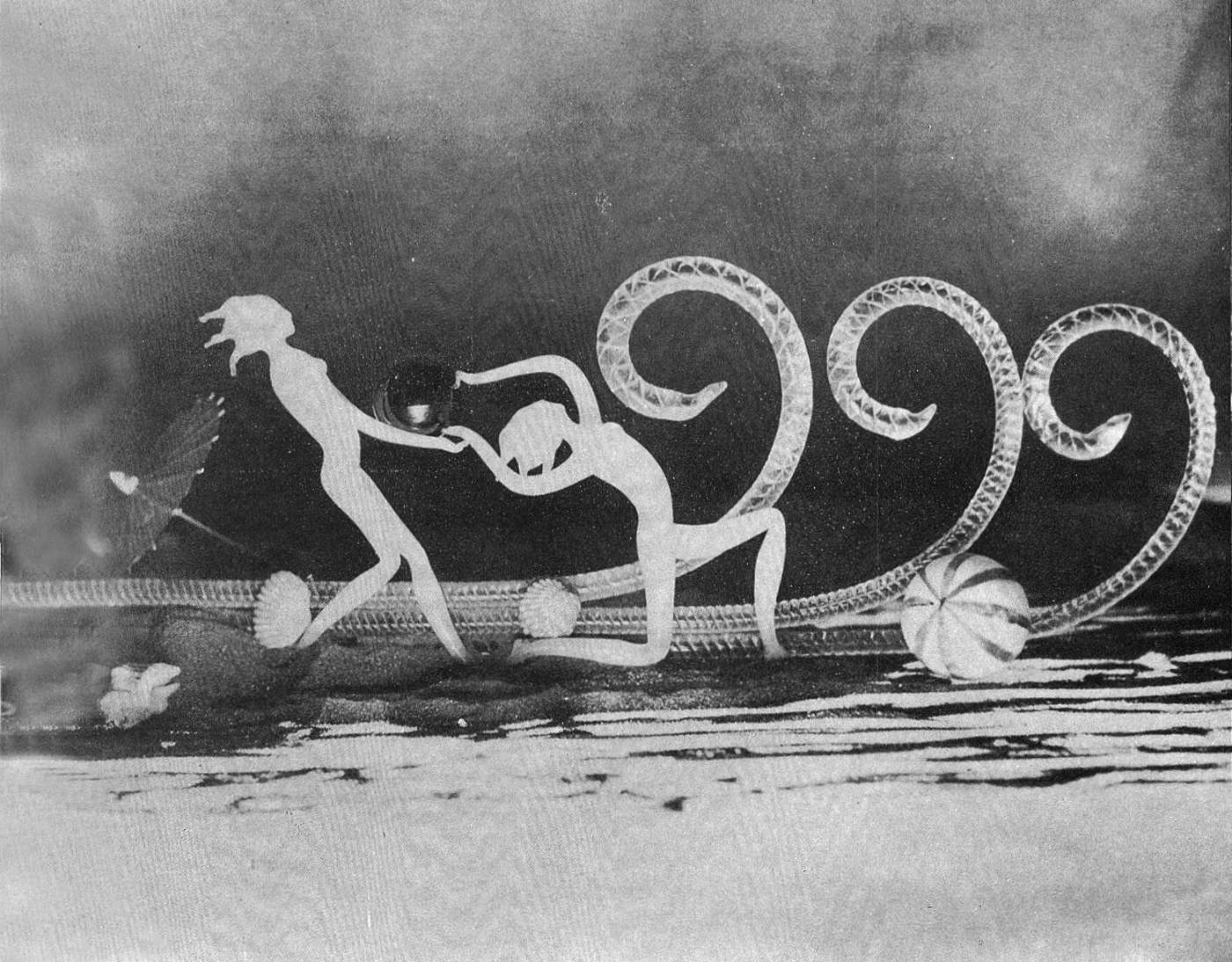


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40. HAUNTED HOUSE

Hand painted figure of a woman running in fright is made by the artist himself. An owl at the bottom of a dry tree completes the picture of a phantom haunted house.

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41. CHALLANGE OF THE MIGHTY

A plaster of Paris Tiger and a bull made from the goat skin are used. The background Jungle was created by using dry twigs.

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42. AWAITING THEIR TURN WITH TERROR

A humorous table top!
Sweet Limes with eyes and mouth painted to depict horror. The nearest lime is most frightened because he will be the first to be slaughtered and crushed. The others are awaiting their turn with horror.



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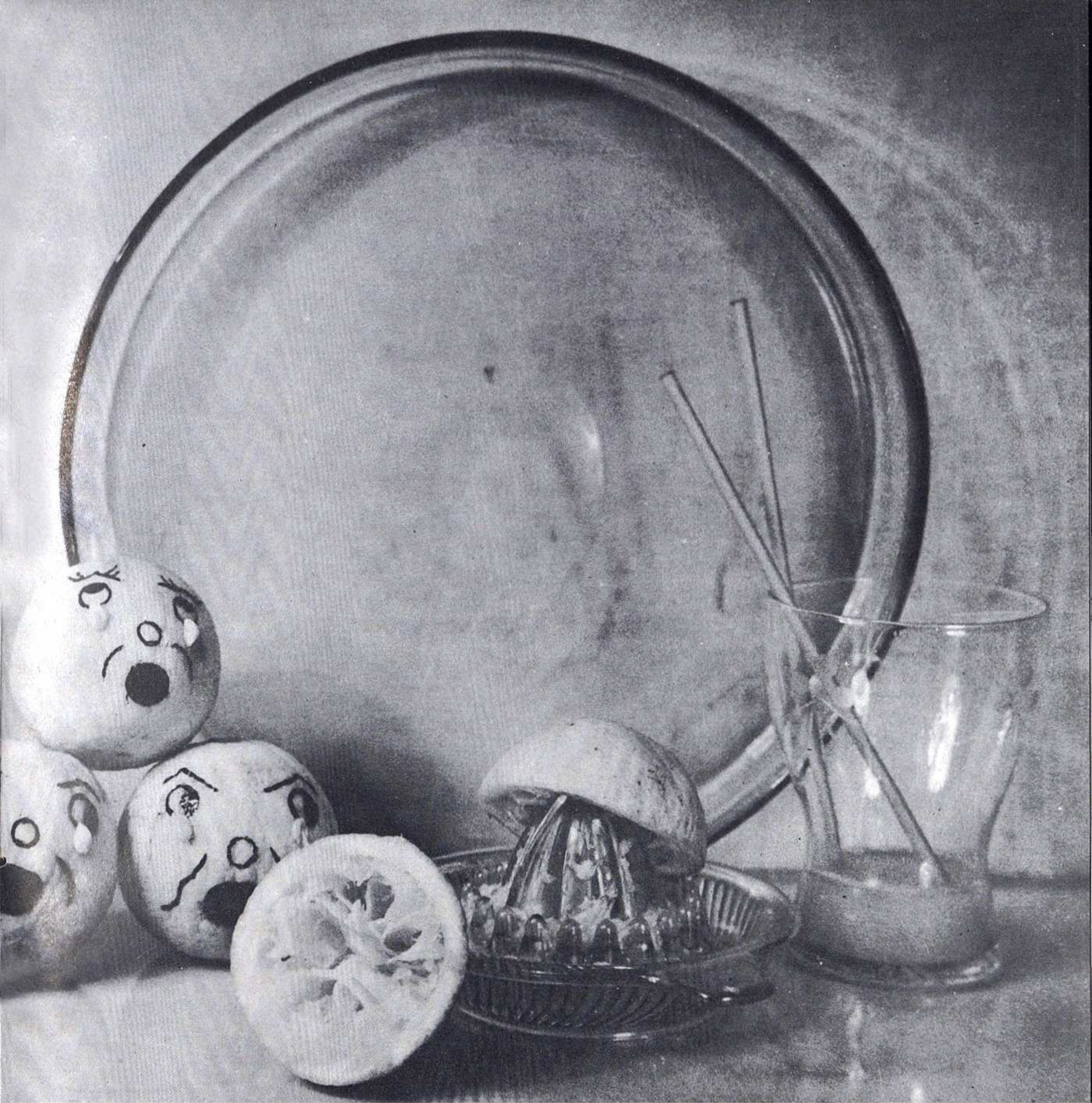


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43. THE DRAGON

This was awarded first prize by the Illustrated Weekly of India. This was done long after Pandit Nehru's 'Hindi Chini Bhai Bhai' friendship period. The figure of the dragon was made of clay by the artist in six hours.

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44. ATTACK

Readymade crocodile and Tiger figures are used. Water illusion is created with the help of ground glass. Green grass is used to create the atmosphere of the Jungle.

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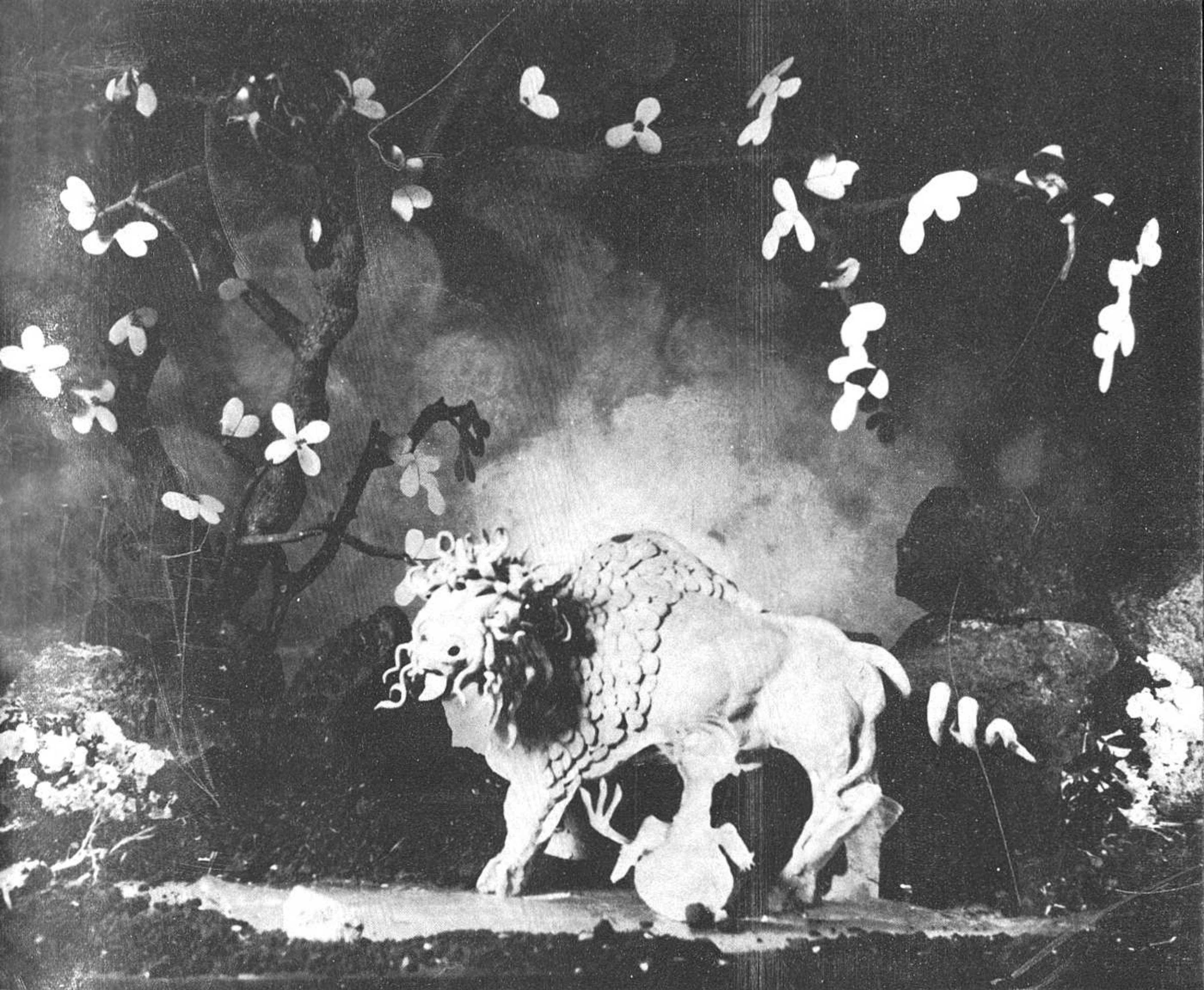
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45. FAWN

In most of table tops Mr. Moos has used inanimate effects as models but here in this picture the fawn is a real one.

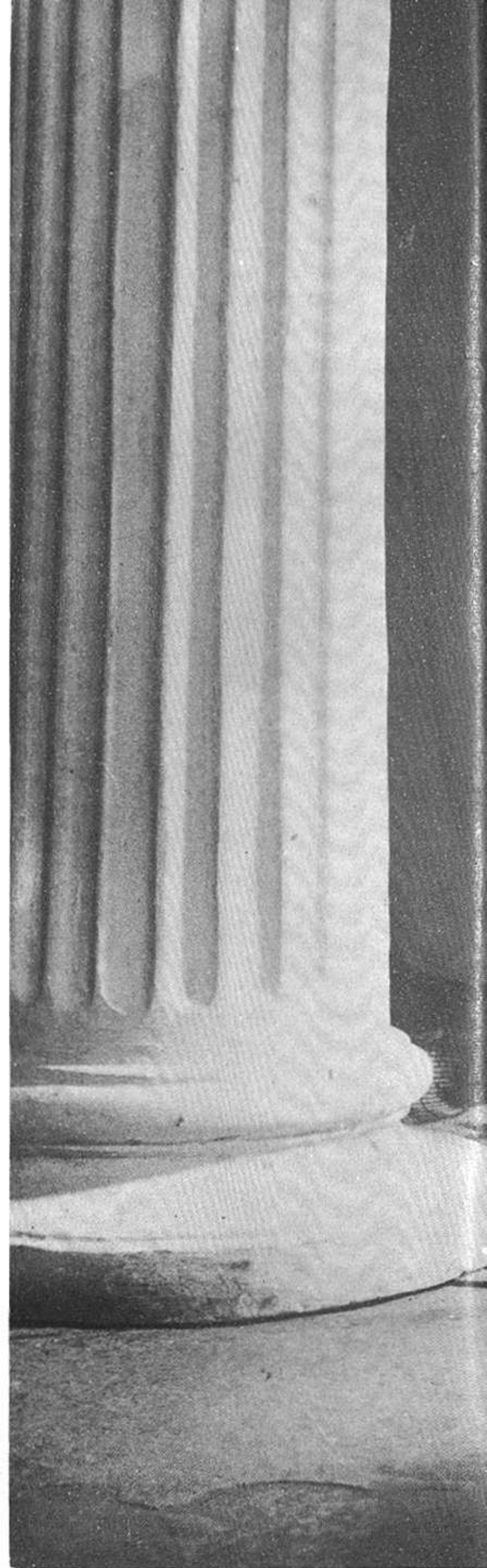
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46. PRE—HISTORIC BULL

Here the figure was made out of clay by the artist himself.

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47. TEMPLE MUSIC

A procelain figure of Lord Buddha was used. The figure of the dancer made from cut out paper, small cement pillars and drapery produced the required effect. Only two photo lamps were used for lighting.



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48. CHINESE FISHERMAN

A ground glass was used to show the effect of water. A porcelain figure was used as model with a rod in hand. Dry twigs depict the tree. Plastic ducks are used in the 'Water' and small stones for rocks.

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49. WINTER II

Mr. Moos who spent some years in England loves winter very much. In this picture (top) he has shown some huts covered with snow. For showing the thickness of the snow on the roof, surgical cotton was used. The human figure used in this picture is made by the artist himself.

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STILL LIFE

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50. ROSES

Simple flower arrangement.

51. SYMBOL OF GOOD LUCK

The statue shown in this picture is a Chinese Goddess of happiness.

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52. SOUR GRAPES?

The title suggested the composition of this picture.

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53. DAY DREAMER

The picture speaks for itself.

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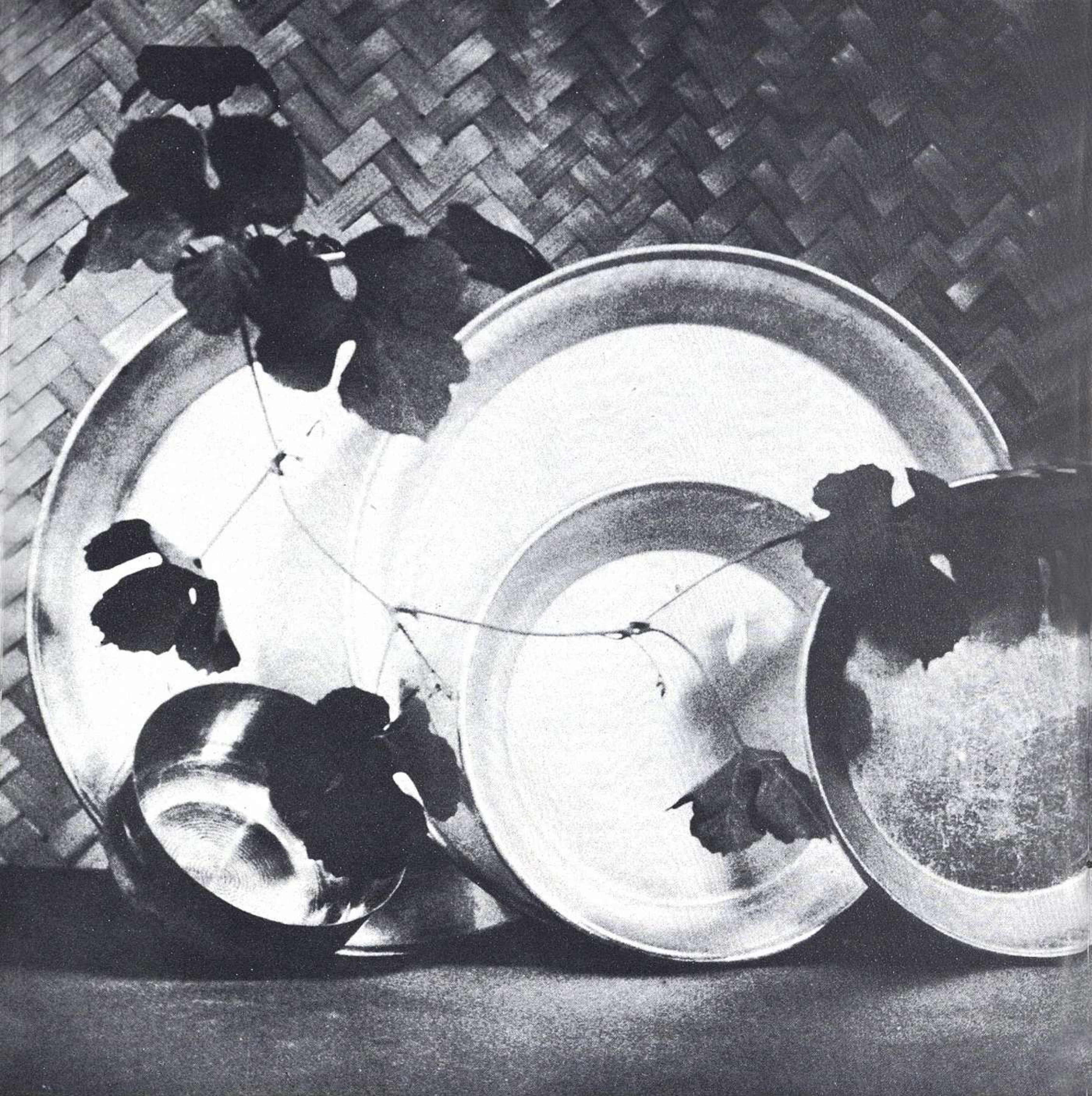


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54. ALUMINIUM WARES

Every object has its own character and the aluminium character in this photograph is no less valuable than that of more expensive wares.

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55. TRANSPARENCY

An artistic arrangement of objects and lighting and composition.

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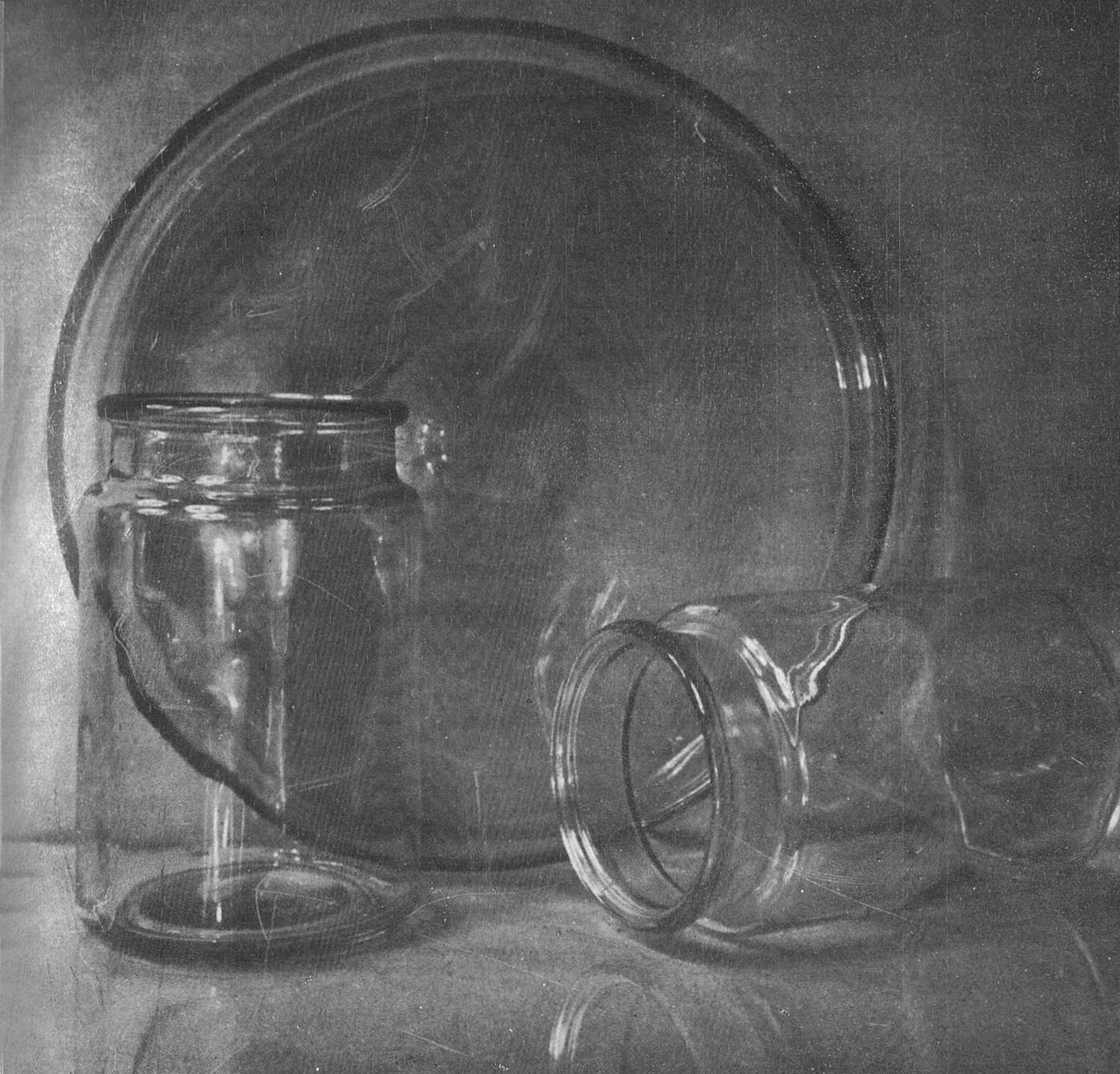


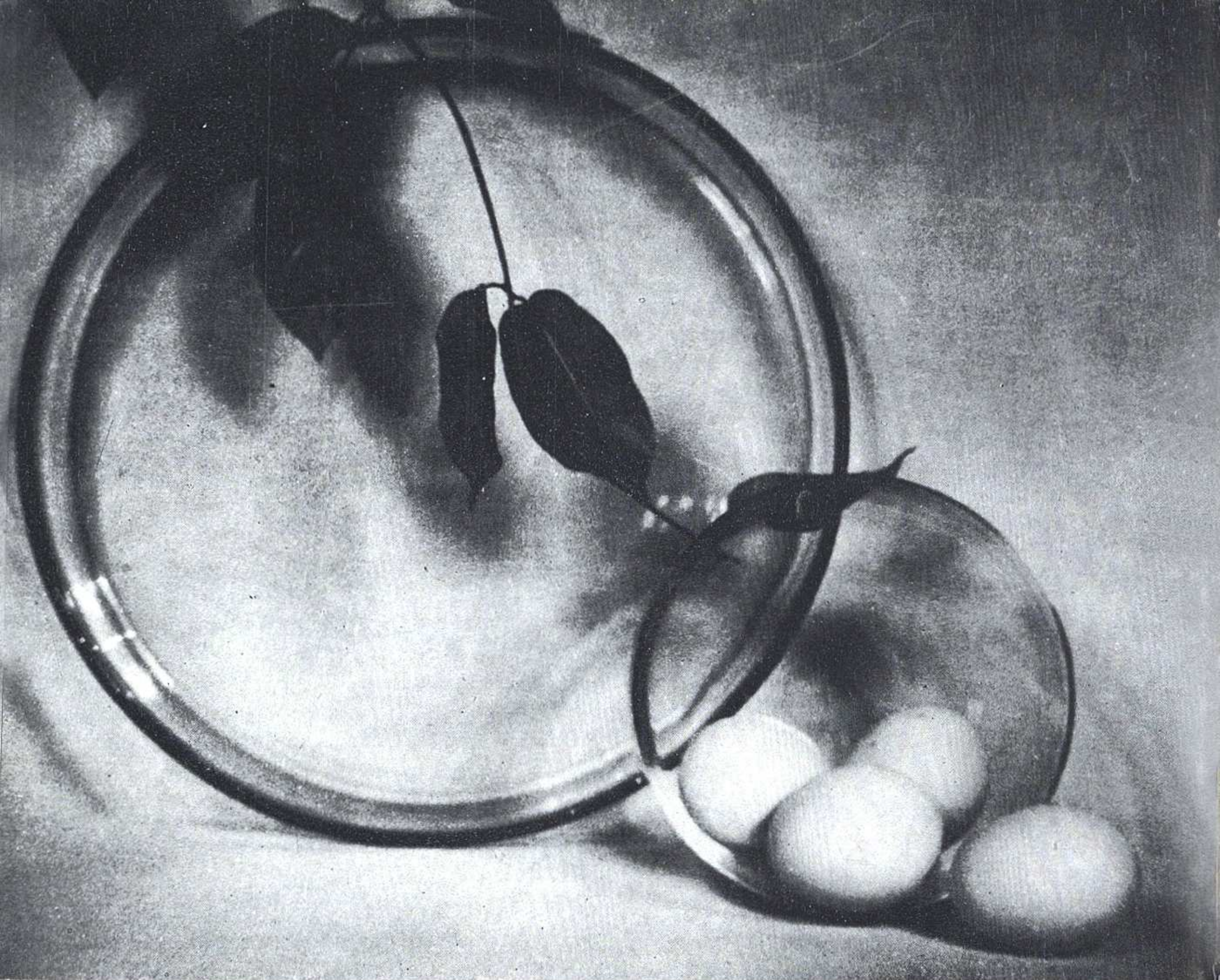
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56. MATTER OF TIME

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57. STILL LIFE

One more example of a good composition.

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59. INSEPARABLE COMPANIONS

This is photographed at bird's eye angle.
Hung in many International and all India Salons.

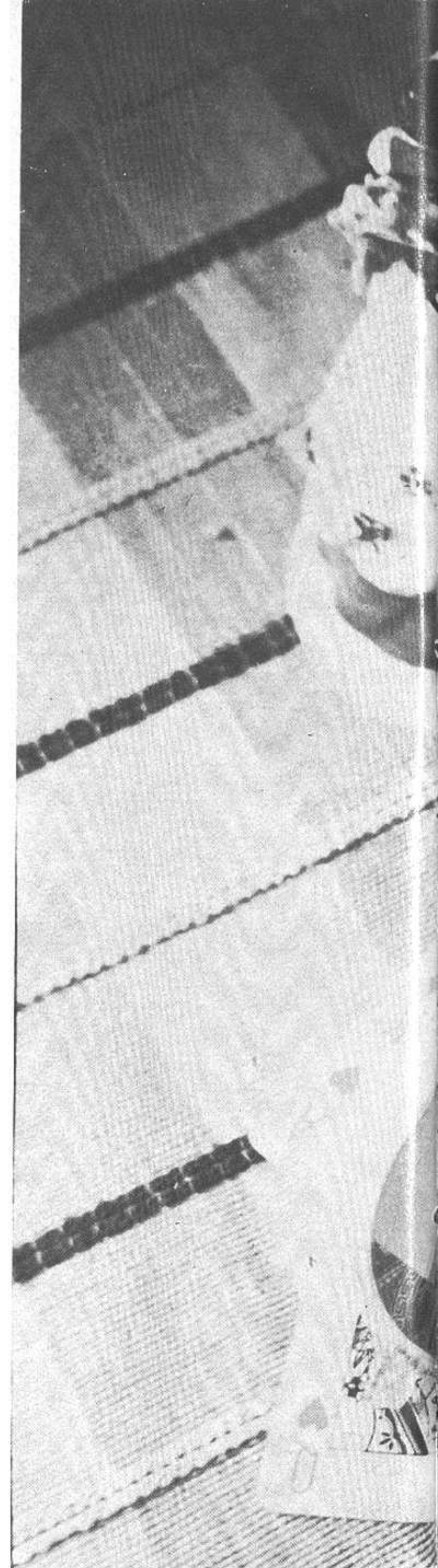


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60. AN ADVENTURE OF A NAUGHTY EYE

A pearl finish nude figure was used along with the lions' head in the background.

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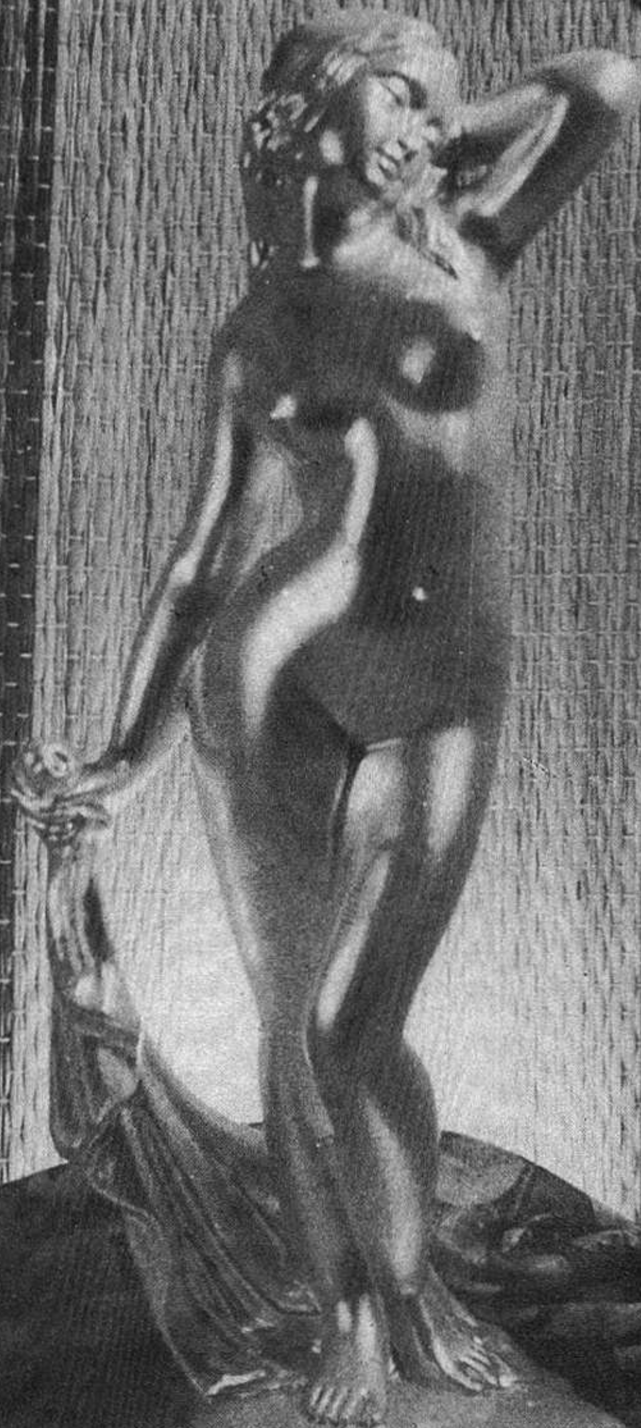


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61. LIFE AND STILL LIFE

A contrast between the animate and the inanimate brings out the sense of misery.

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62. WONDER

Black curtain is in the background. An egg is kept hanging with a black thread.

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63. STILL LIFE

Mark the quality of the exposure.

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64. LAUGHING BUDDHA

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65. YAWNING

This statute (Antique) was presented to the artist by somebody. The artist kept the statute on a bed and it turned into a beautiful still life.

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66. INDIAN LISTENER

Here a brass cobra was used along with the radio. It was prepared for a programme book of all India Radio.

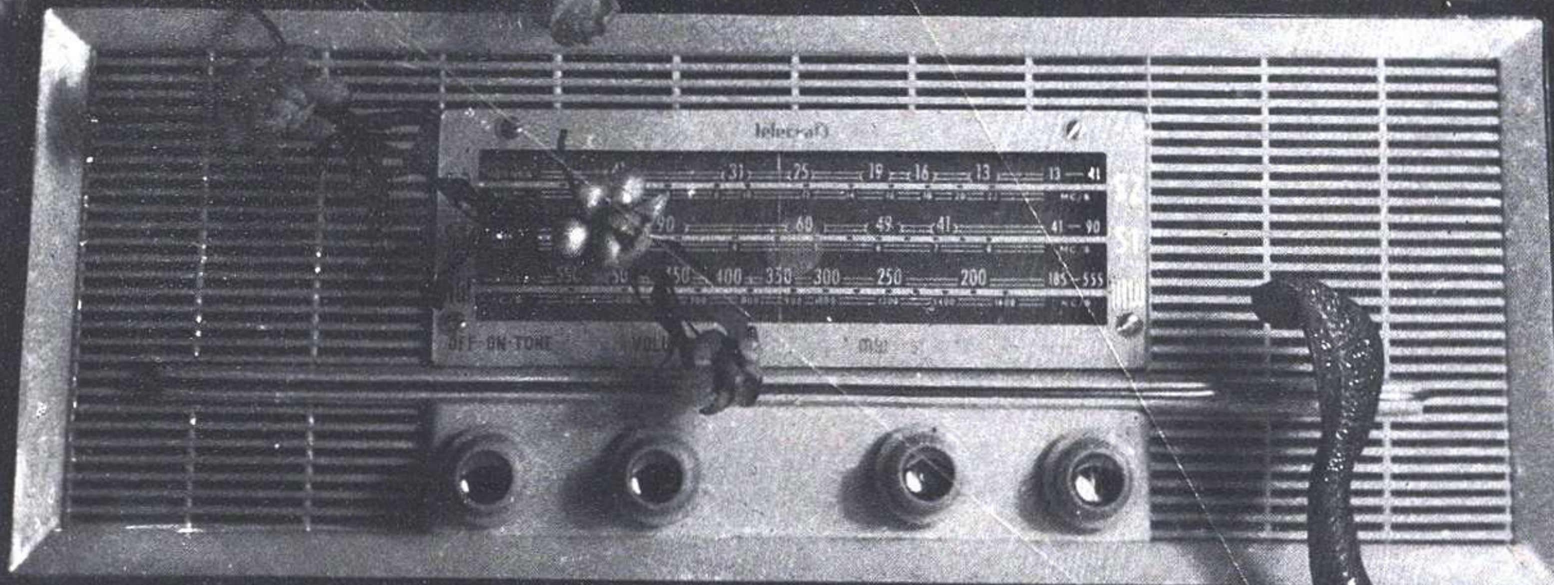
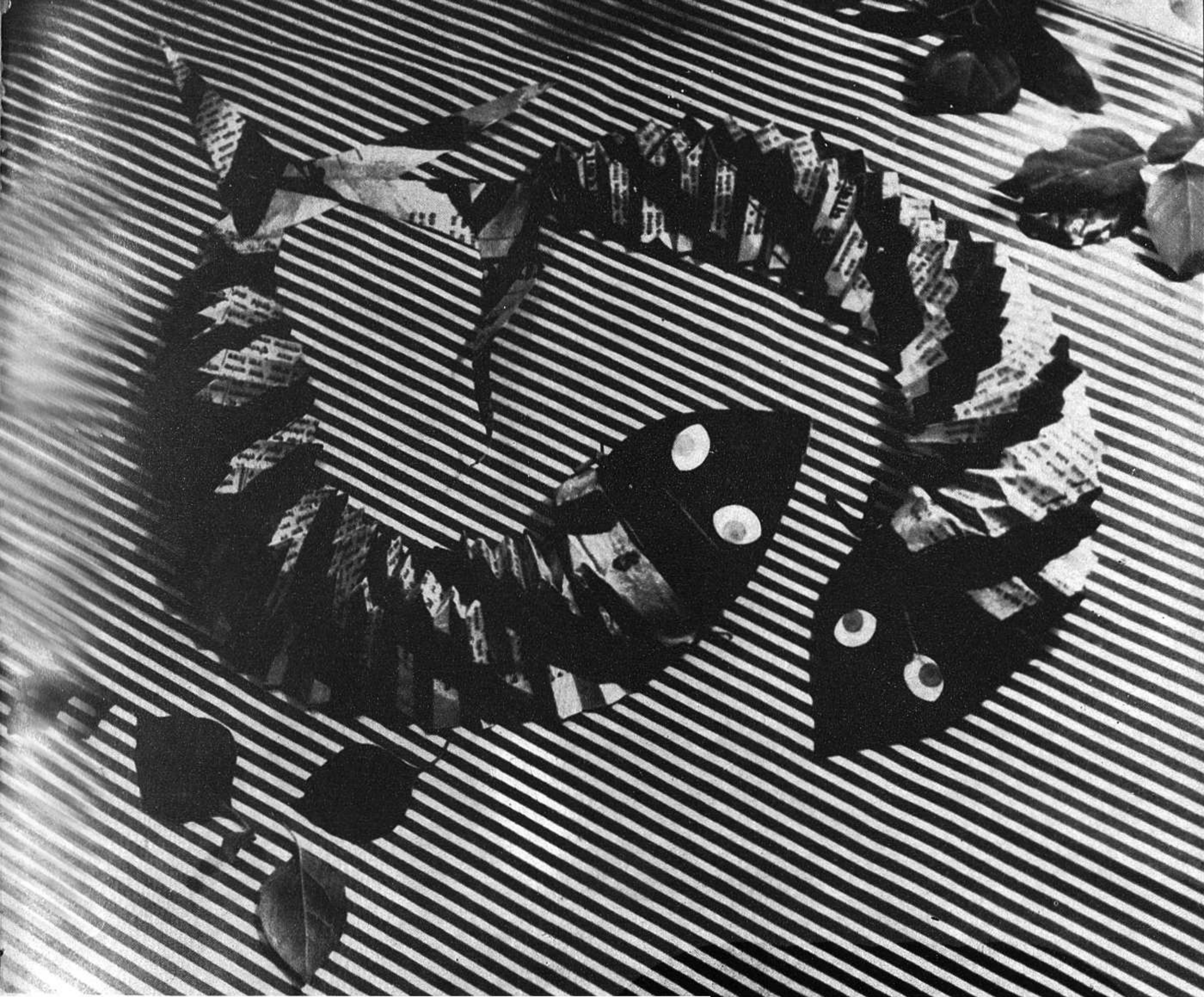
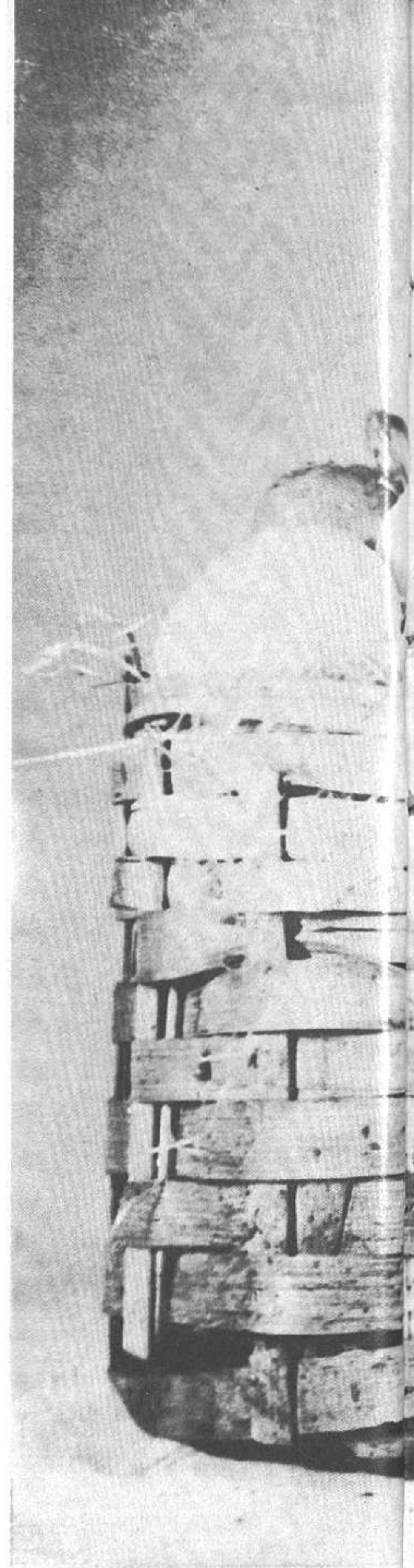


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67. STILL LIFE

These are newspaper fishes.



68. WHY TO EAT STALE FOOD?

Onions and potatoes used along with two rubber figures.

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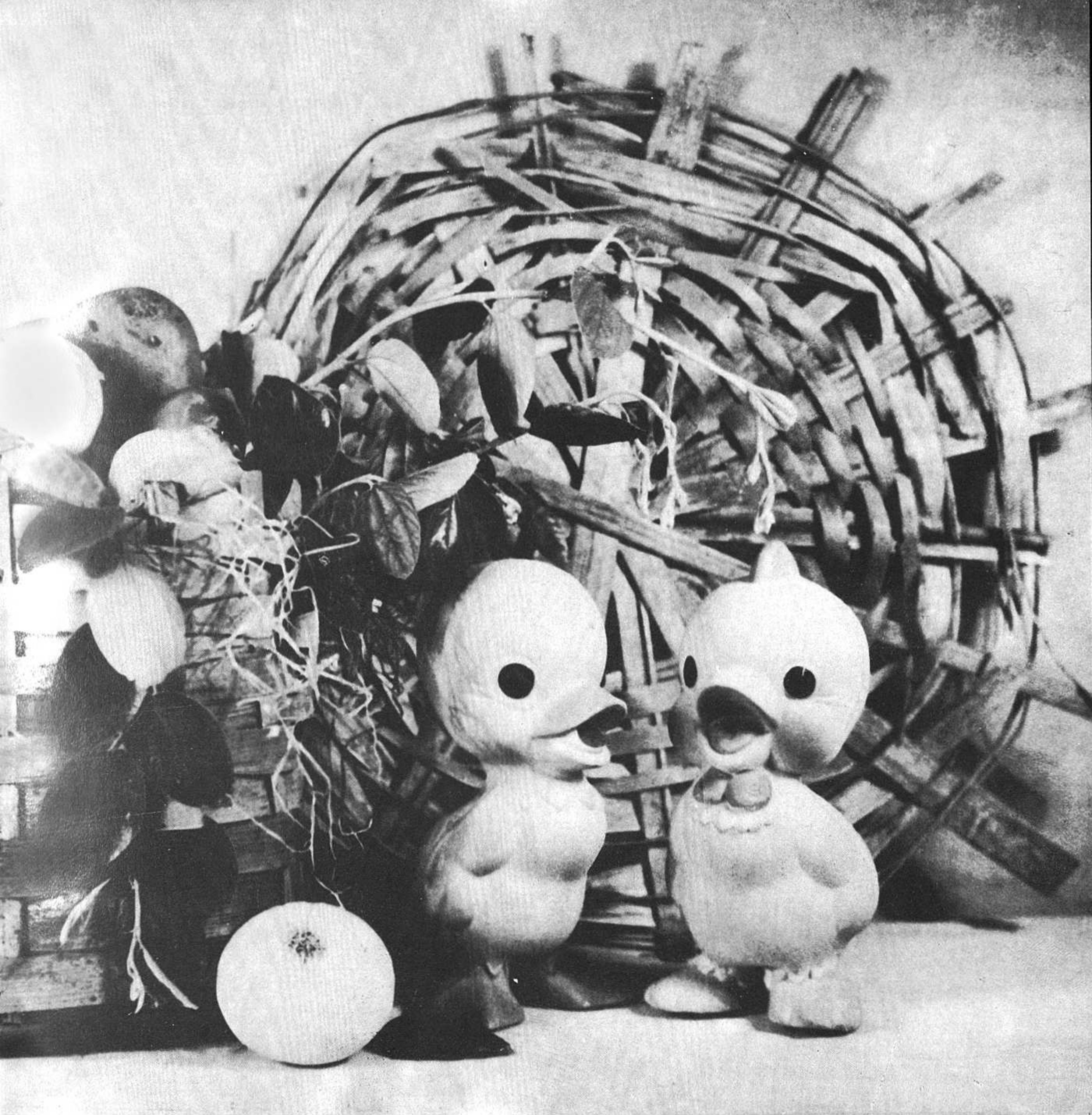


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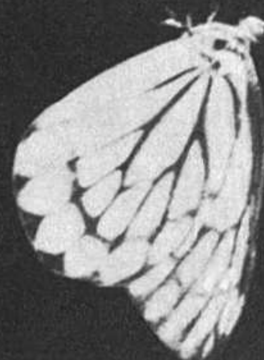
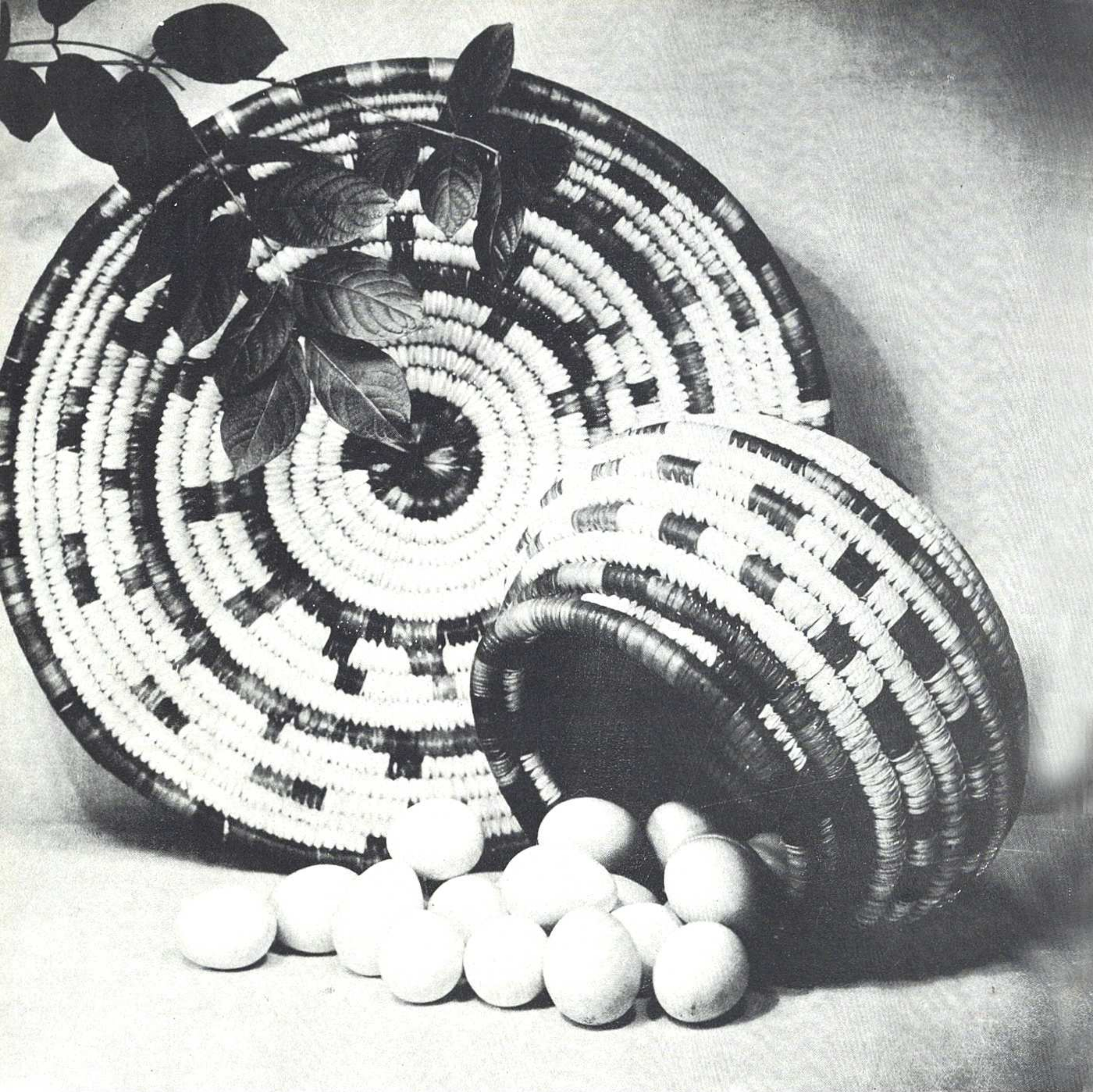


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69. DEVOTION TO SOMEBODY FAR A AFAR

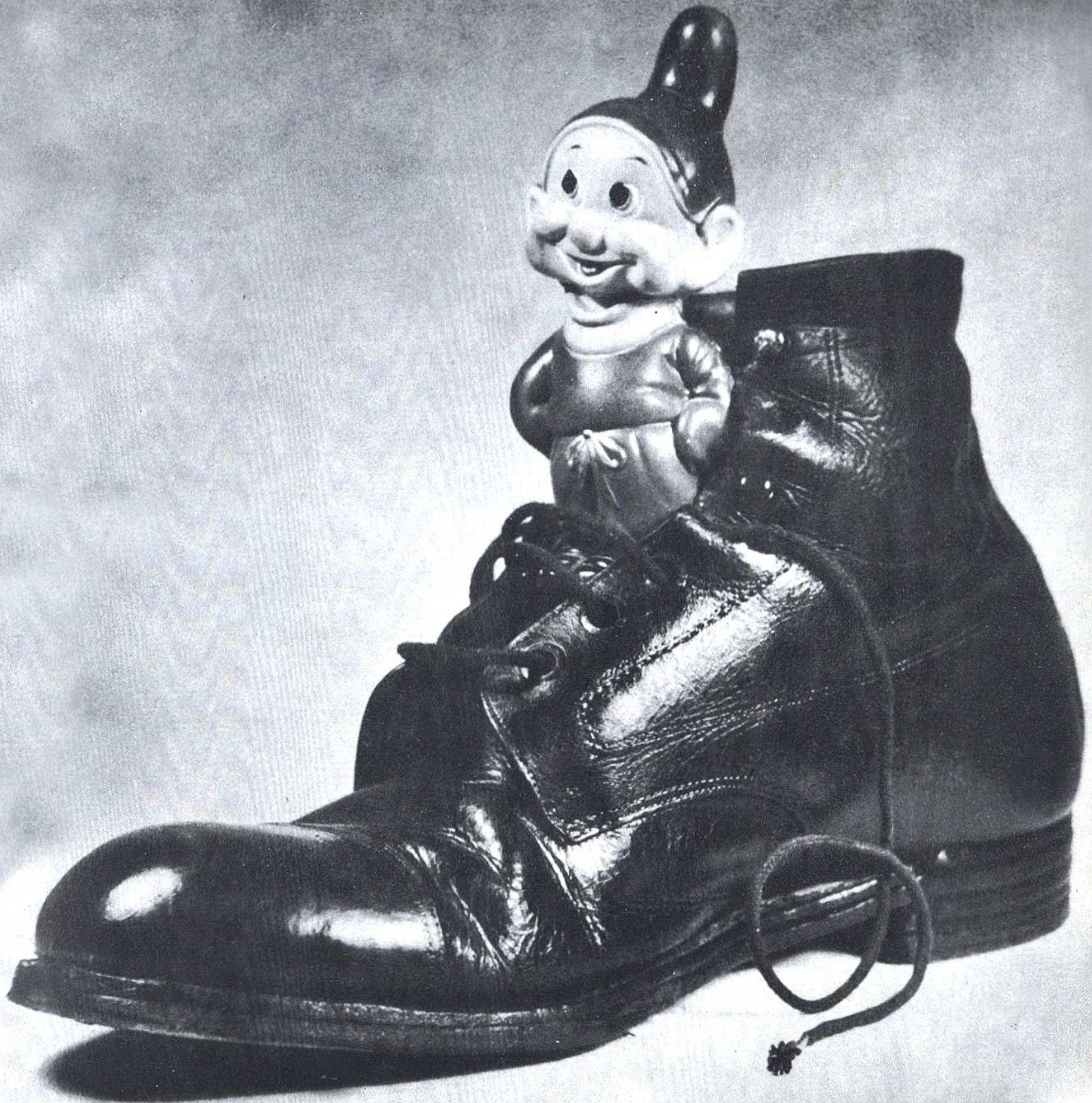
Sometimes a title makes the picture. A candle and a butterfly were used as models.

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70. STILL LIFE

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71. OFF DUTY

A mililtary boot with laces untied shows an off-duty period.

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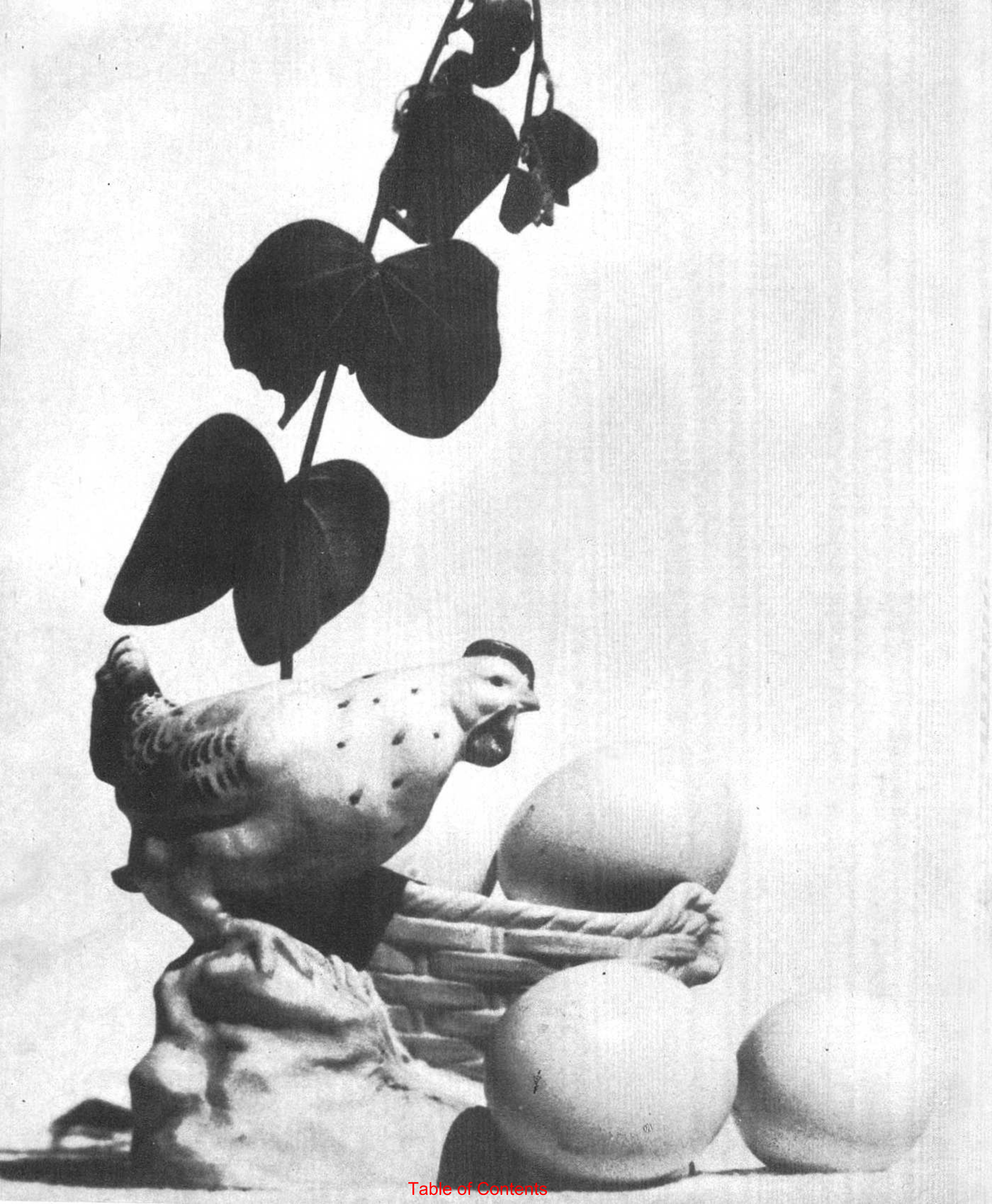
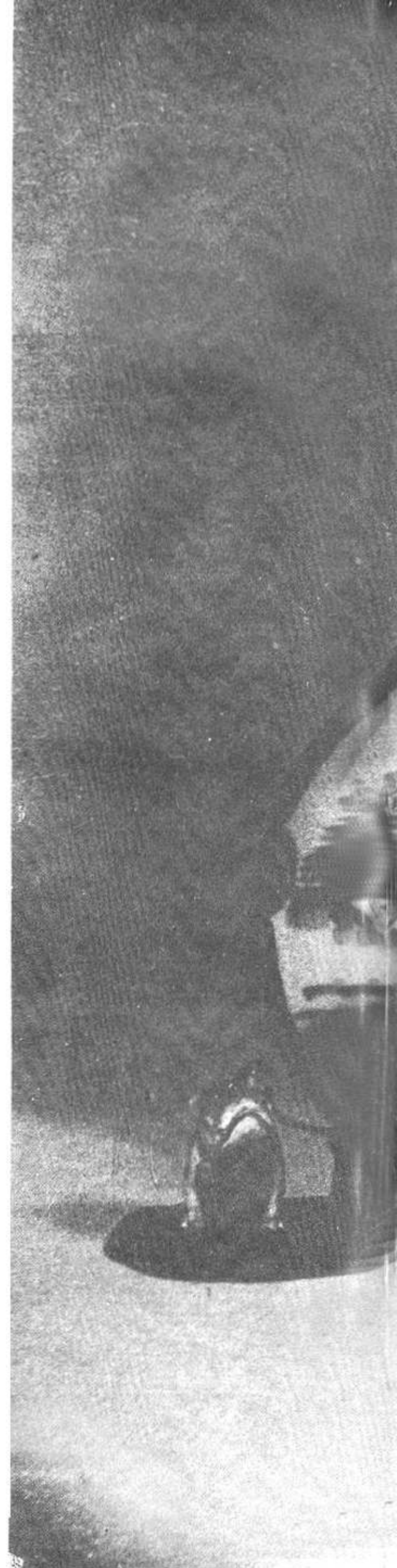


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72. STILL LIFE

An actual hen was placed on the table.

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73. STILL LIFE

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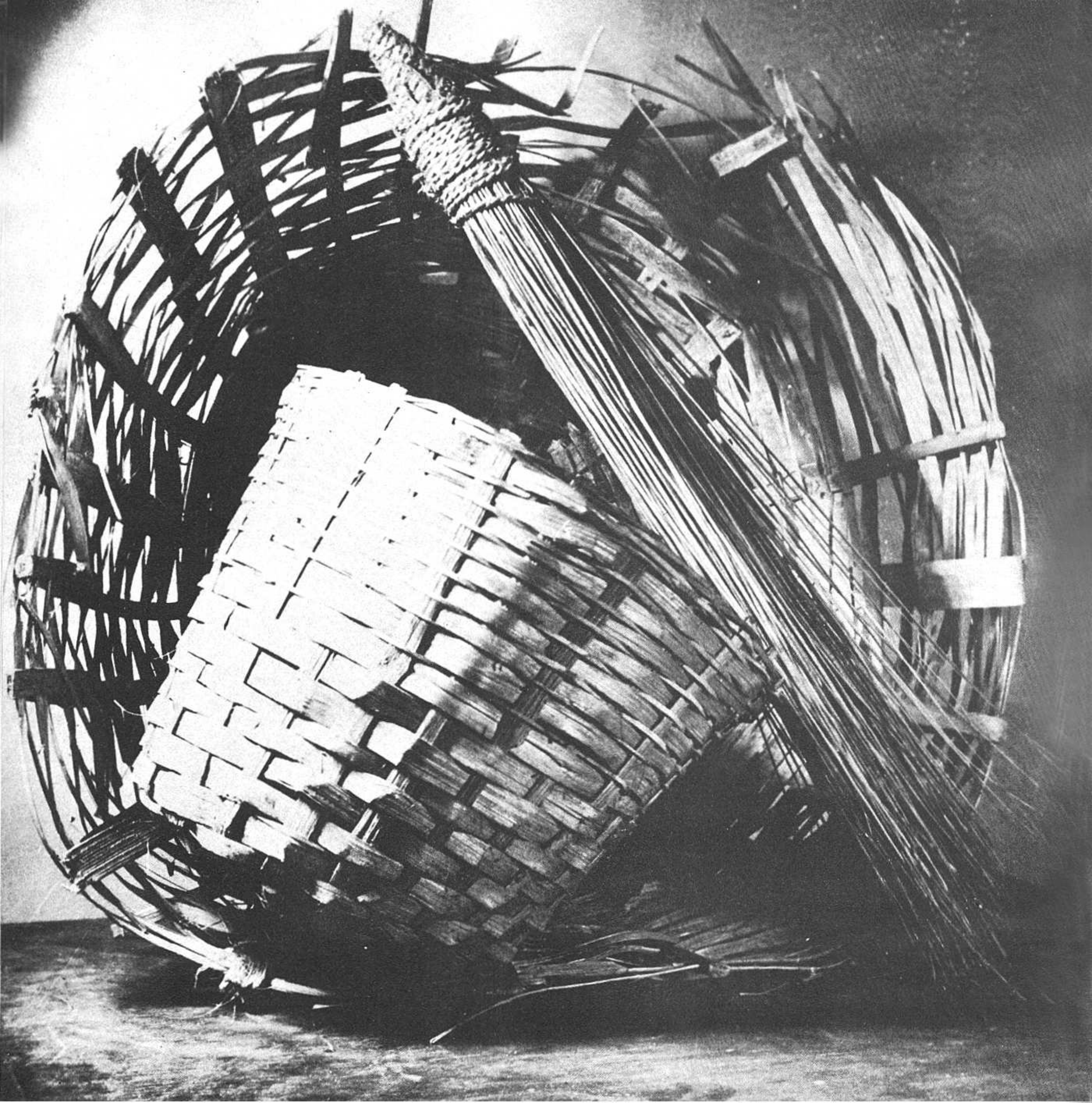


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74. ON STRIKE

A broom and a basket which were lying idle inspired the artist to produce this picture of 'a strike'.

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75. SPARROW GRASS

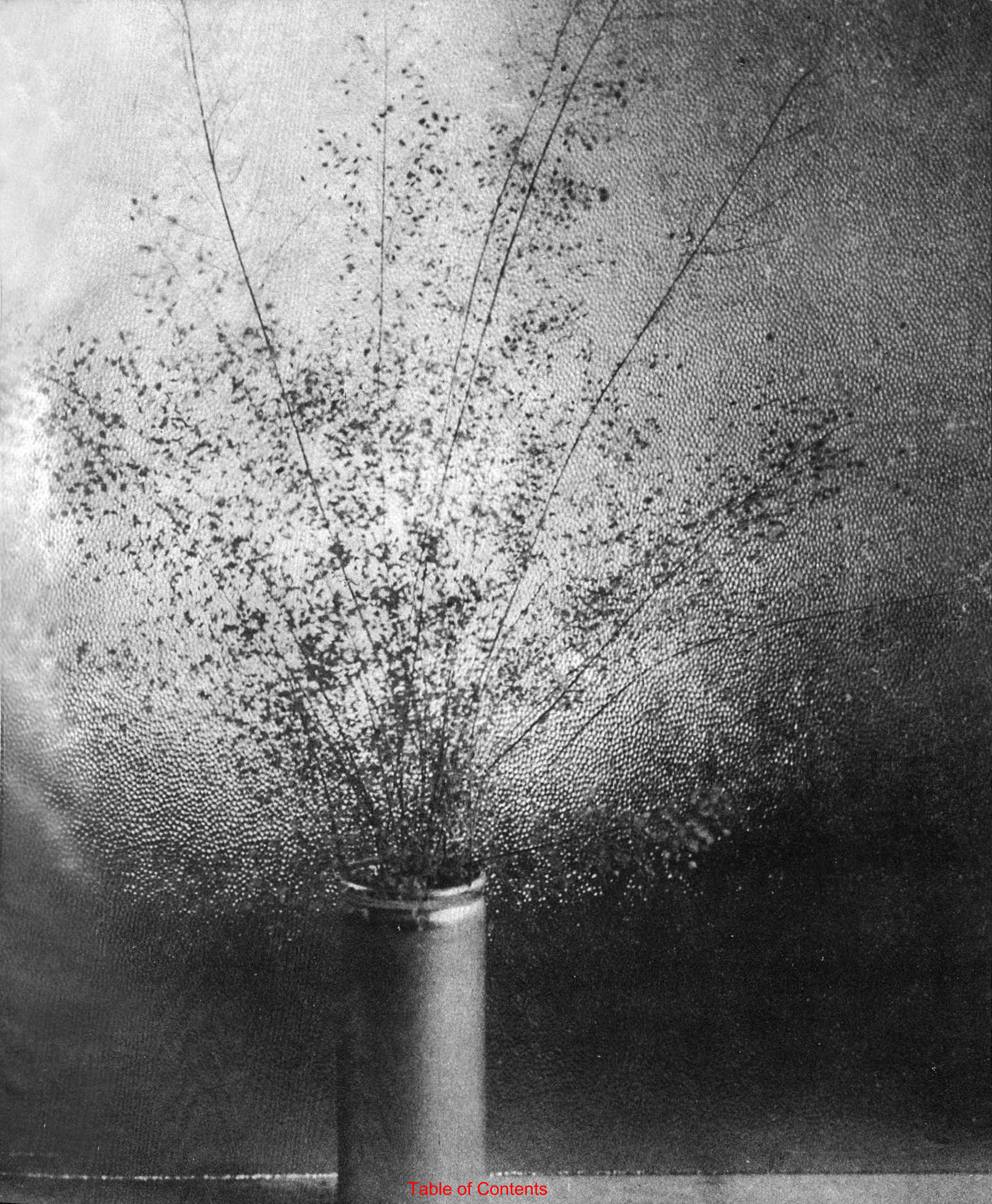


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76. STILL LIFE

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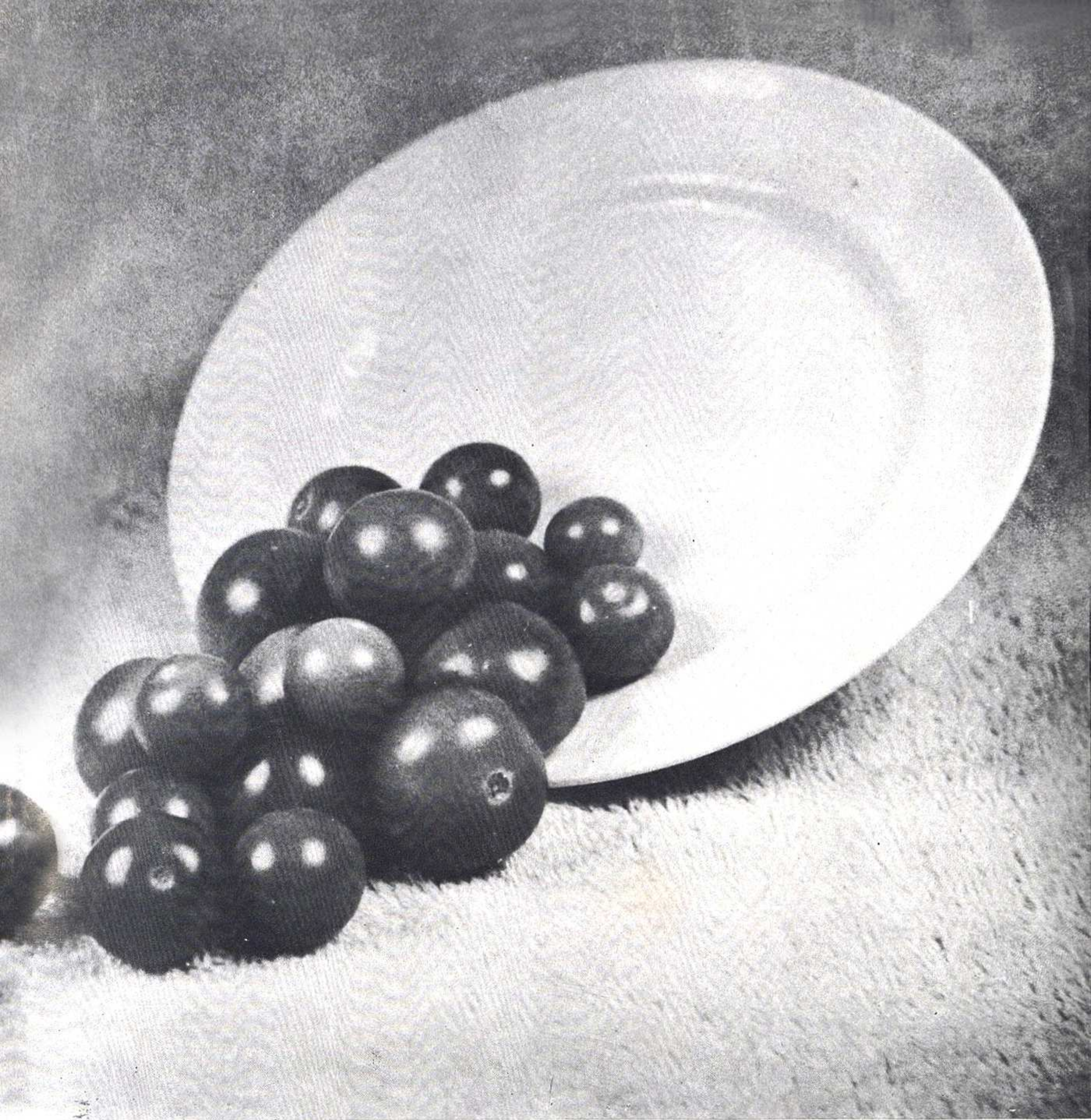
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77. READY FOR THE MEAL

Fishes with knife and artistically arranged.



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78 . STILL LIFE

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79. SCULPTOR

This figure is cut out from plywood by the artist himself.

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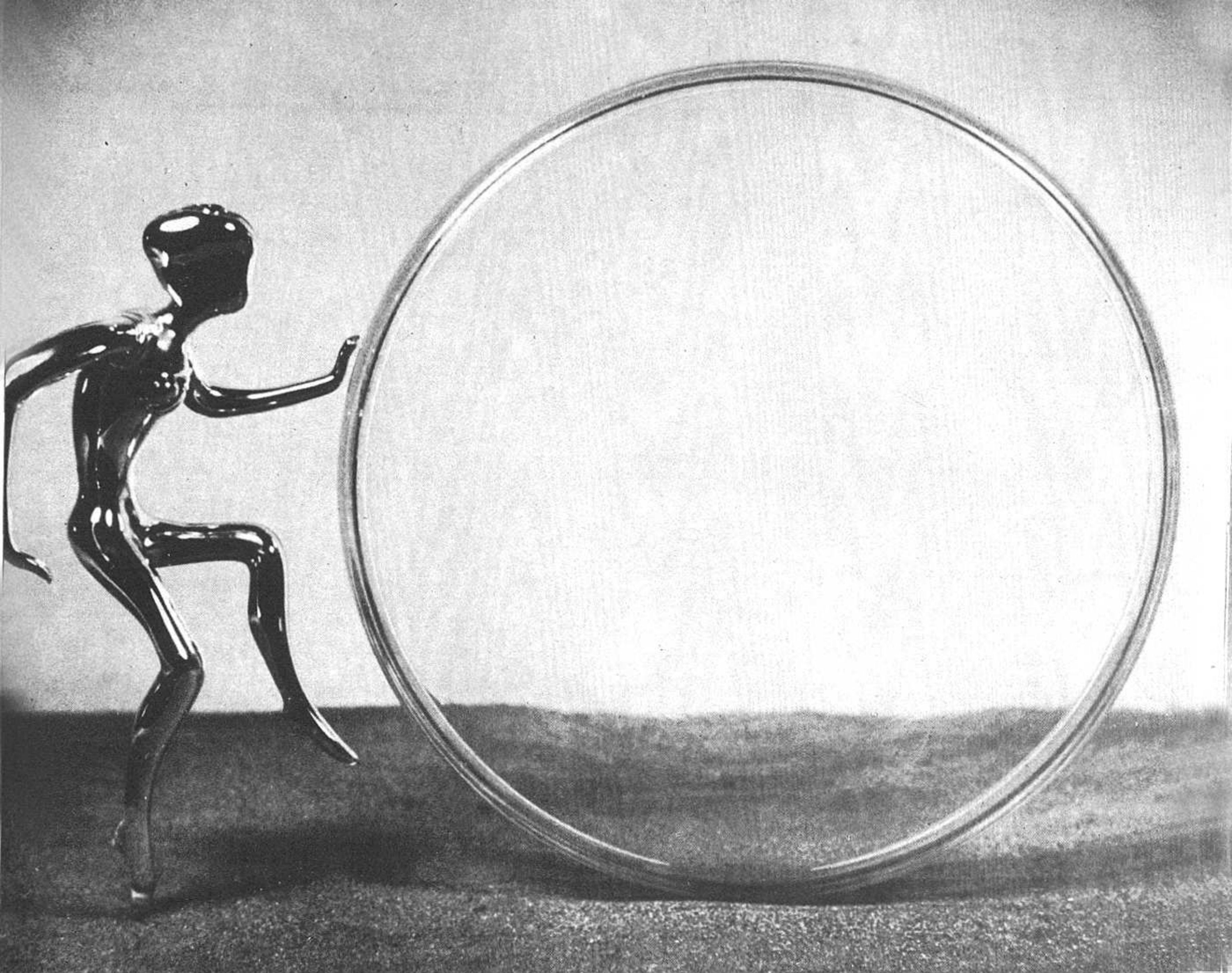


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80. STILL LIFE

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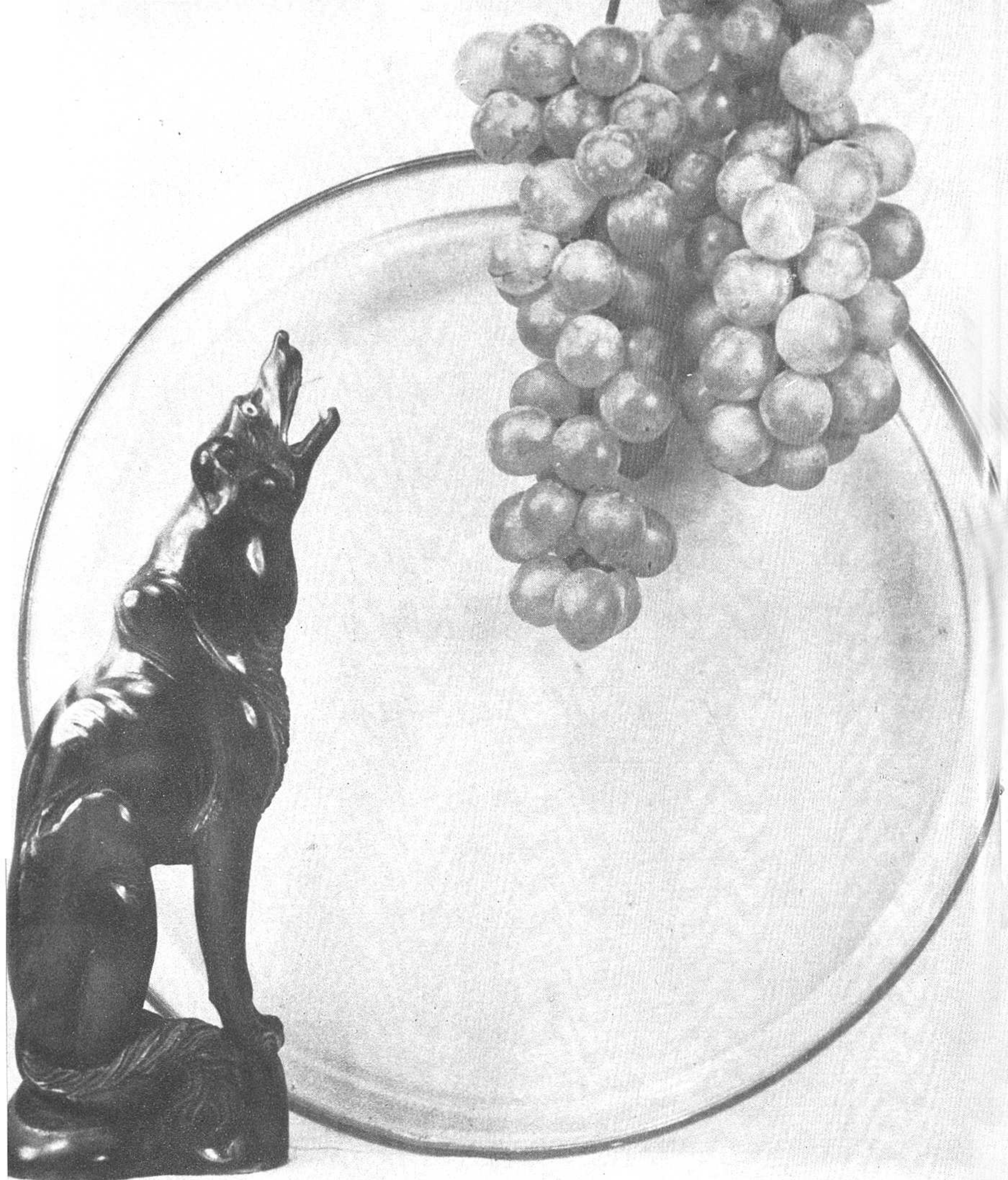


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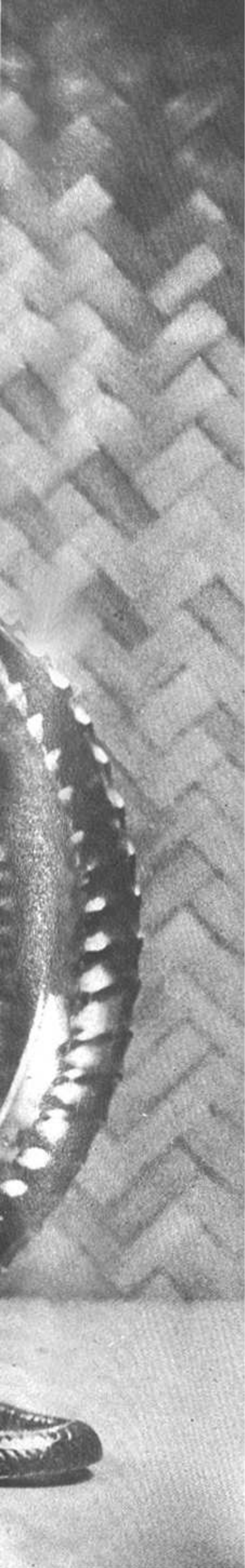
81. STILL LIFE

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82. STILL LIFE

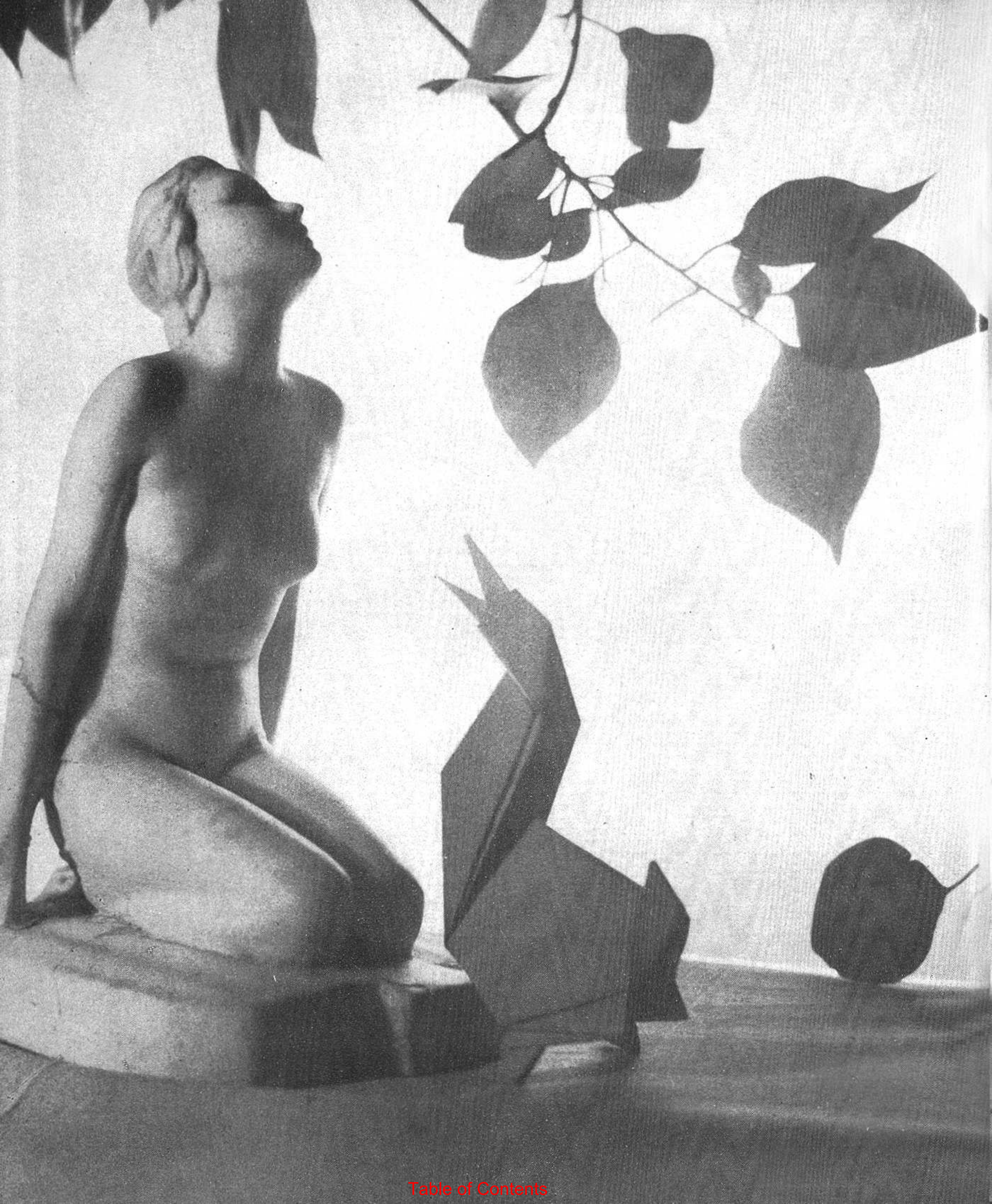
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83. STILL LIFE



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84. HOW SHALL I PRAISE YOUR BEAUTY?

A paper duck and porcelain recreate the humorous situation.

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85. STILL LIFE

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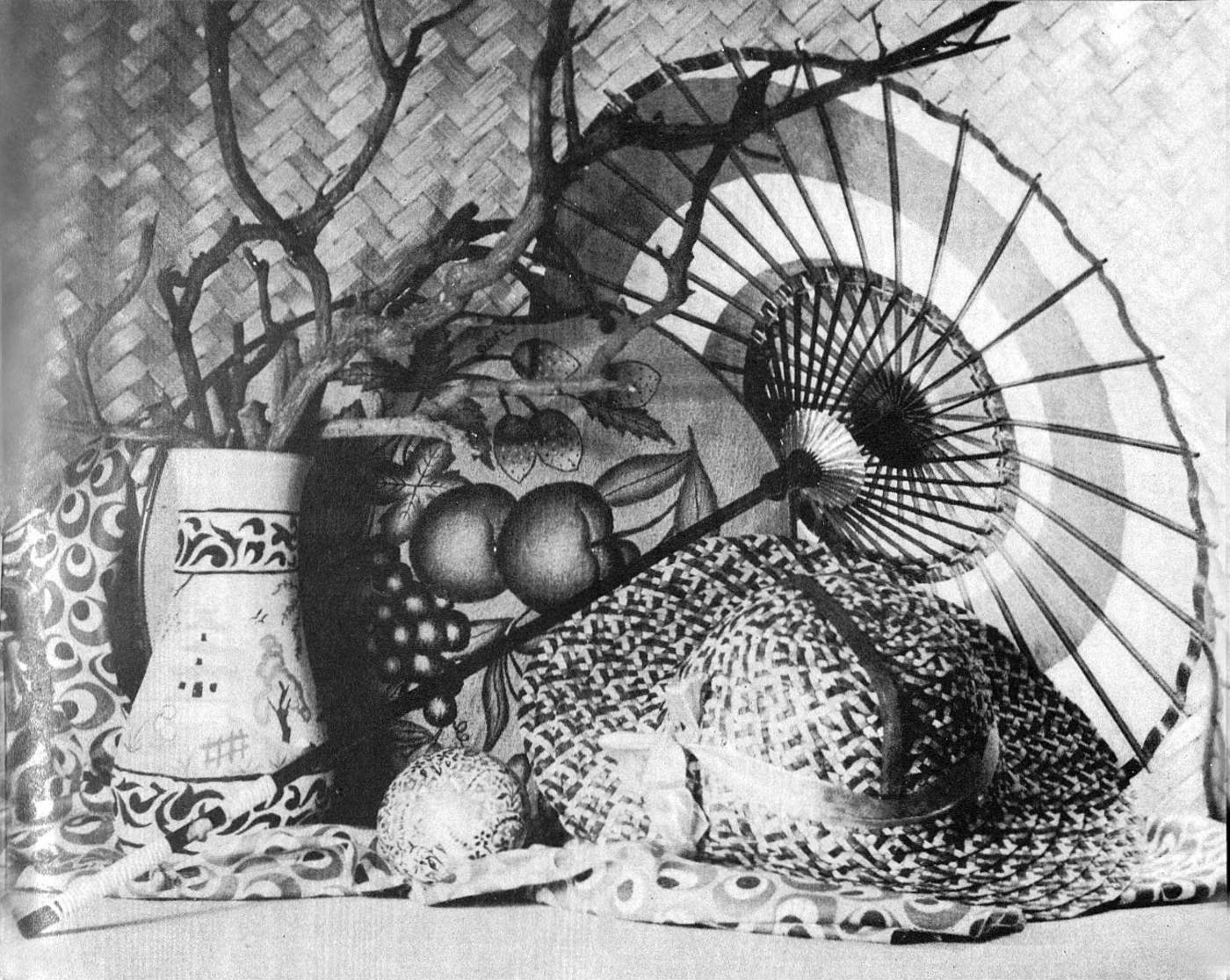


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86. A CRY OF ANGUISH

A picture showing the anguish of Mrs. Indira Gandhi after the death of her son Sanjay.



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87. TOILET

A picture of a woman doing her hair.

88. LADIES DELIGHT

A composition of the things a lady loves most.

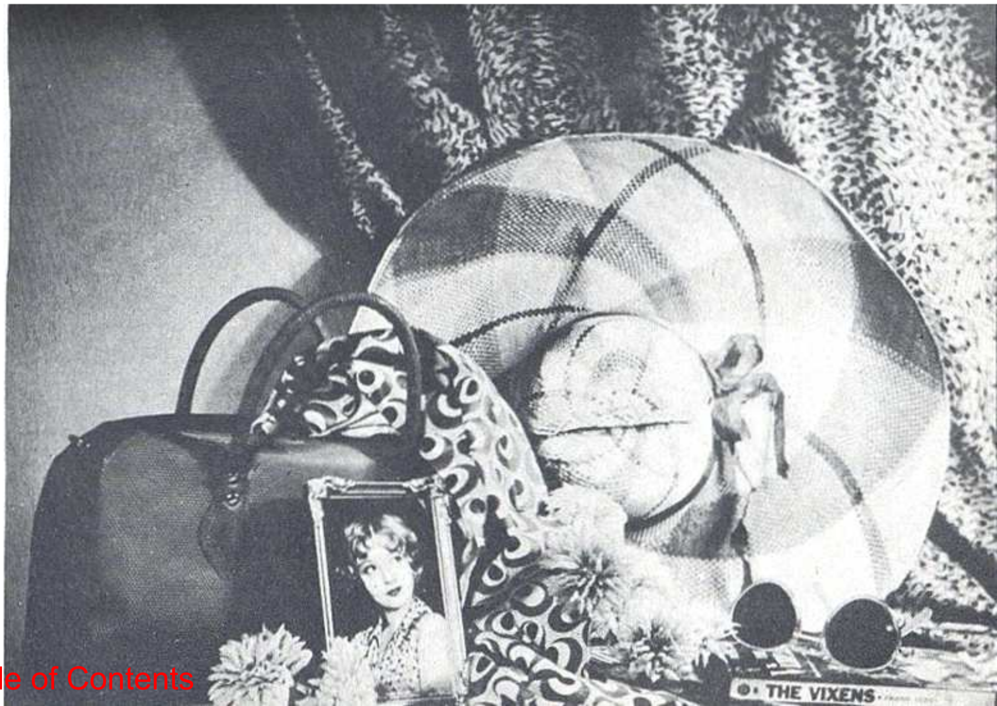


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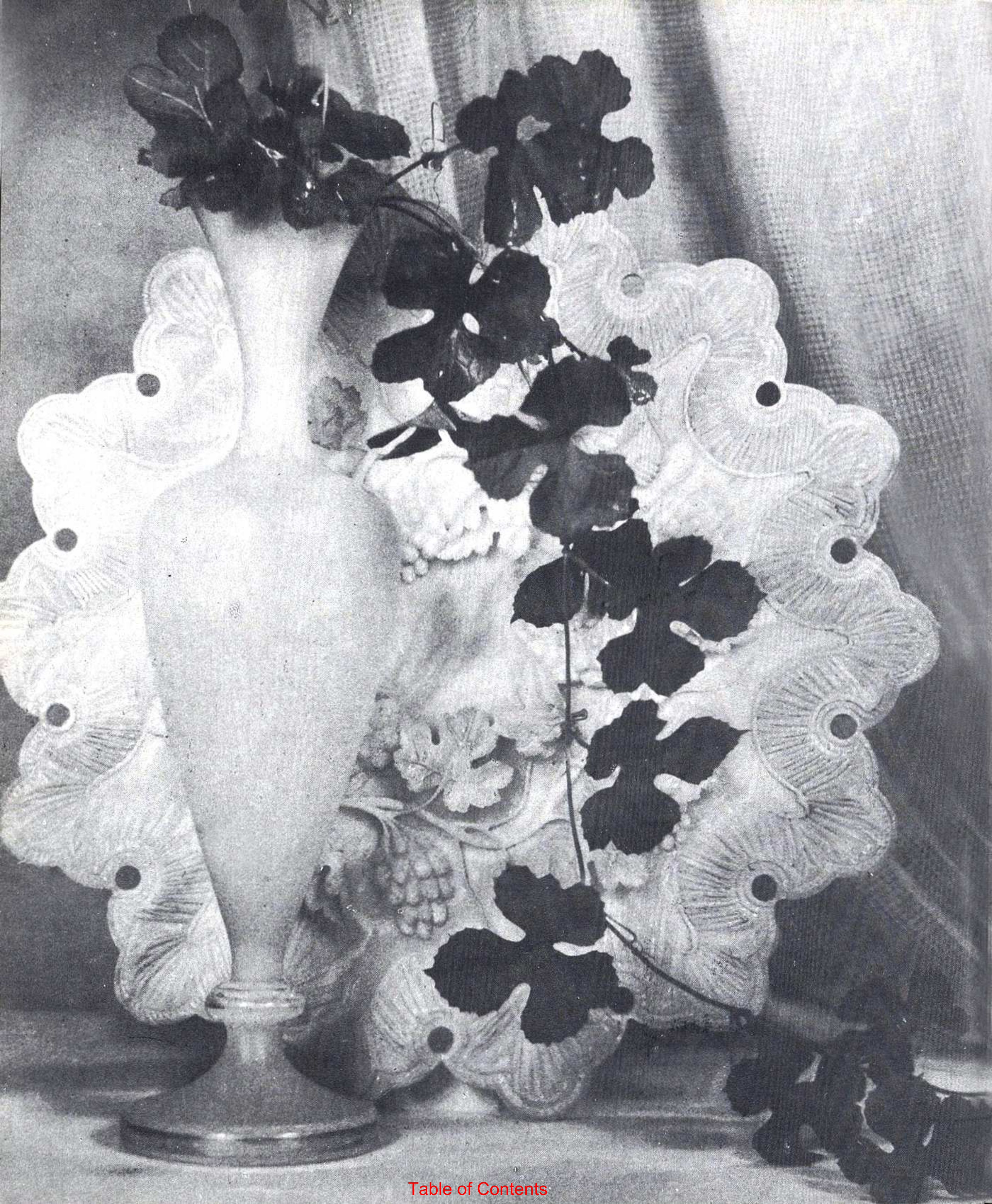
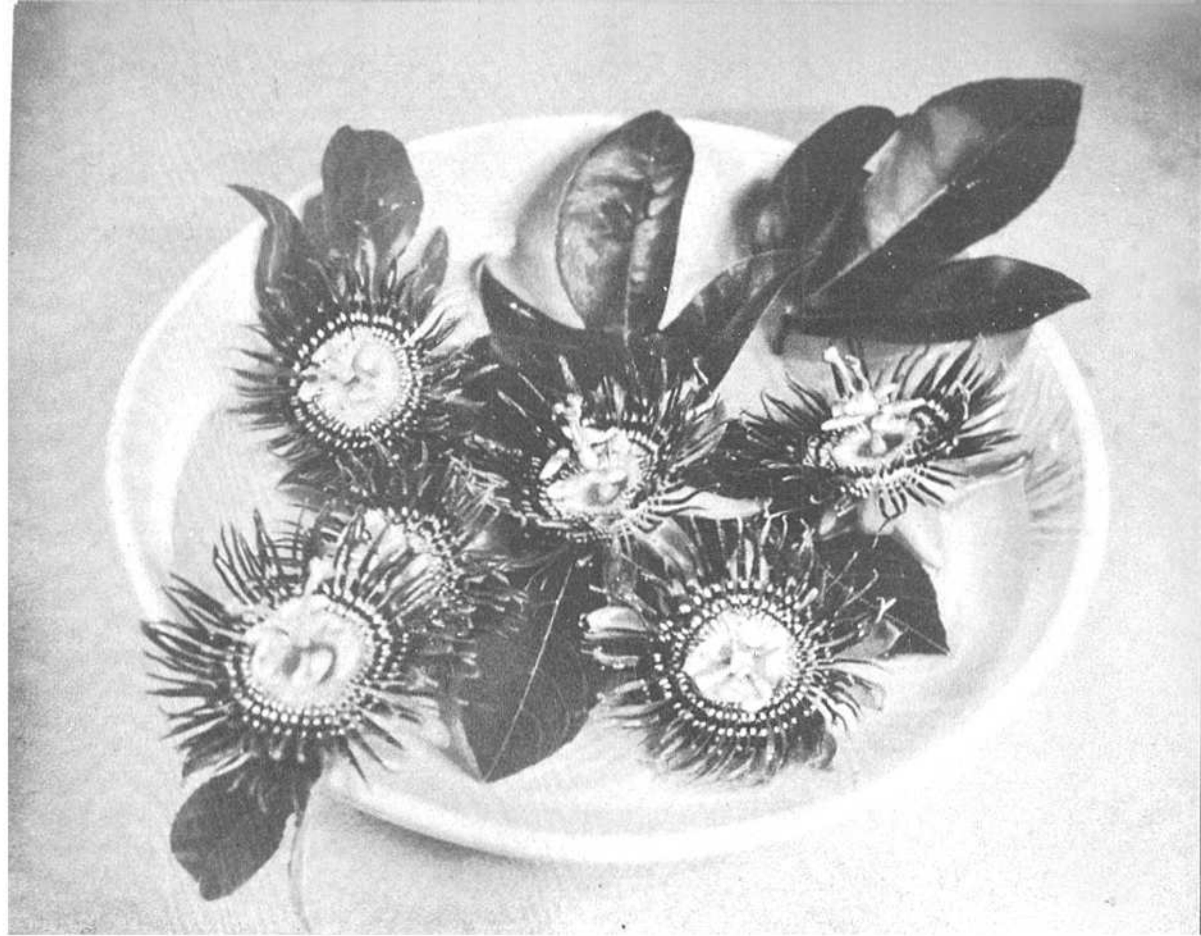


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90. "KRISHNAKAMAL"

A beautiful flower arrangement.

89. STILL LIFE

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91. LIFE — AN EMPTY DREAM

Mr. Moos was passing through a period of great hardship when this picture was composed. The dry twigs (of which Mr. Moos is particularly found) represent the artists' mood.

92. STILL LIFE

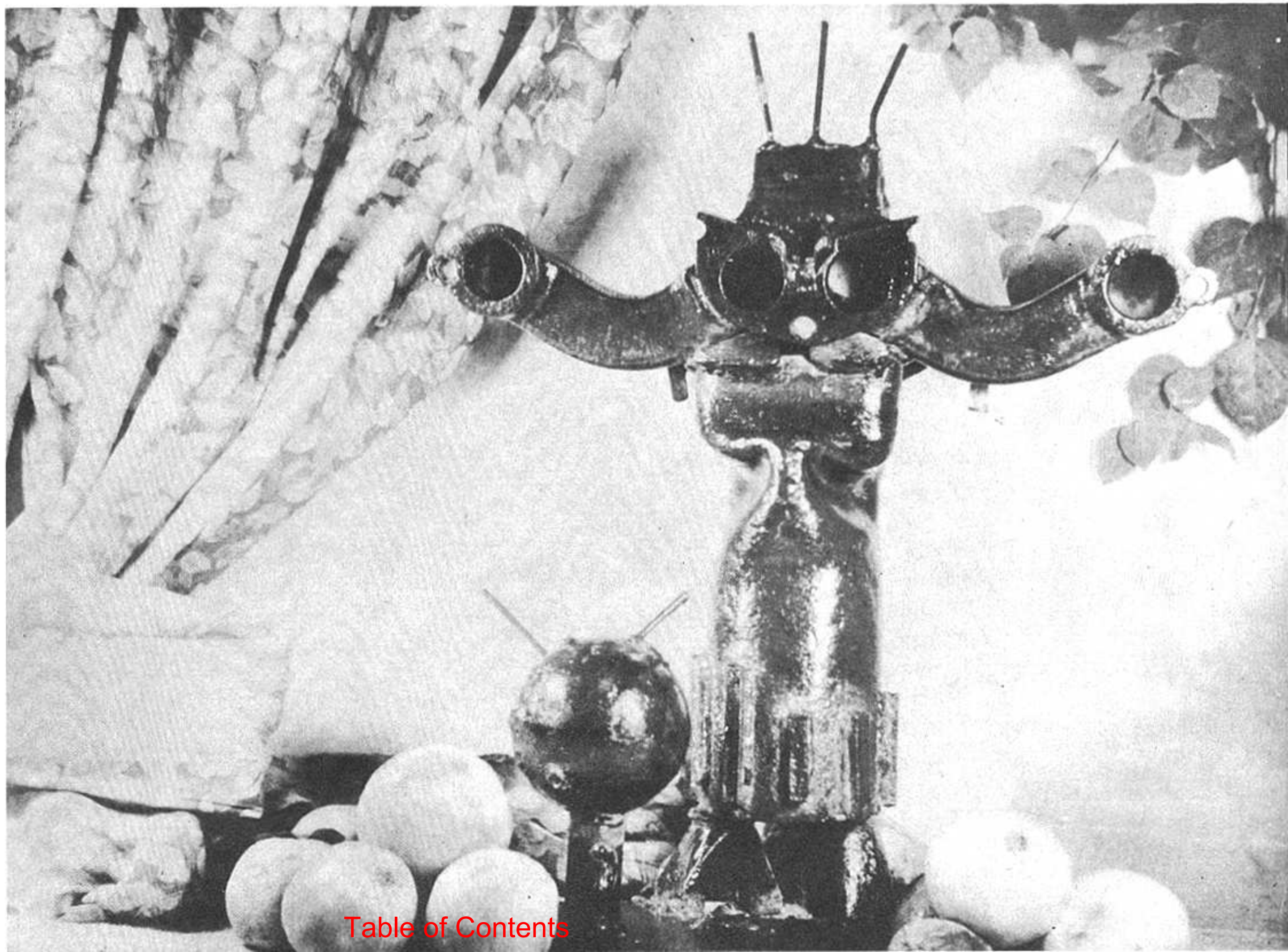


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93. STILL LIFE

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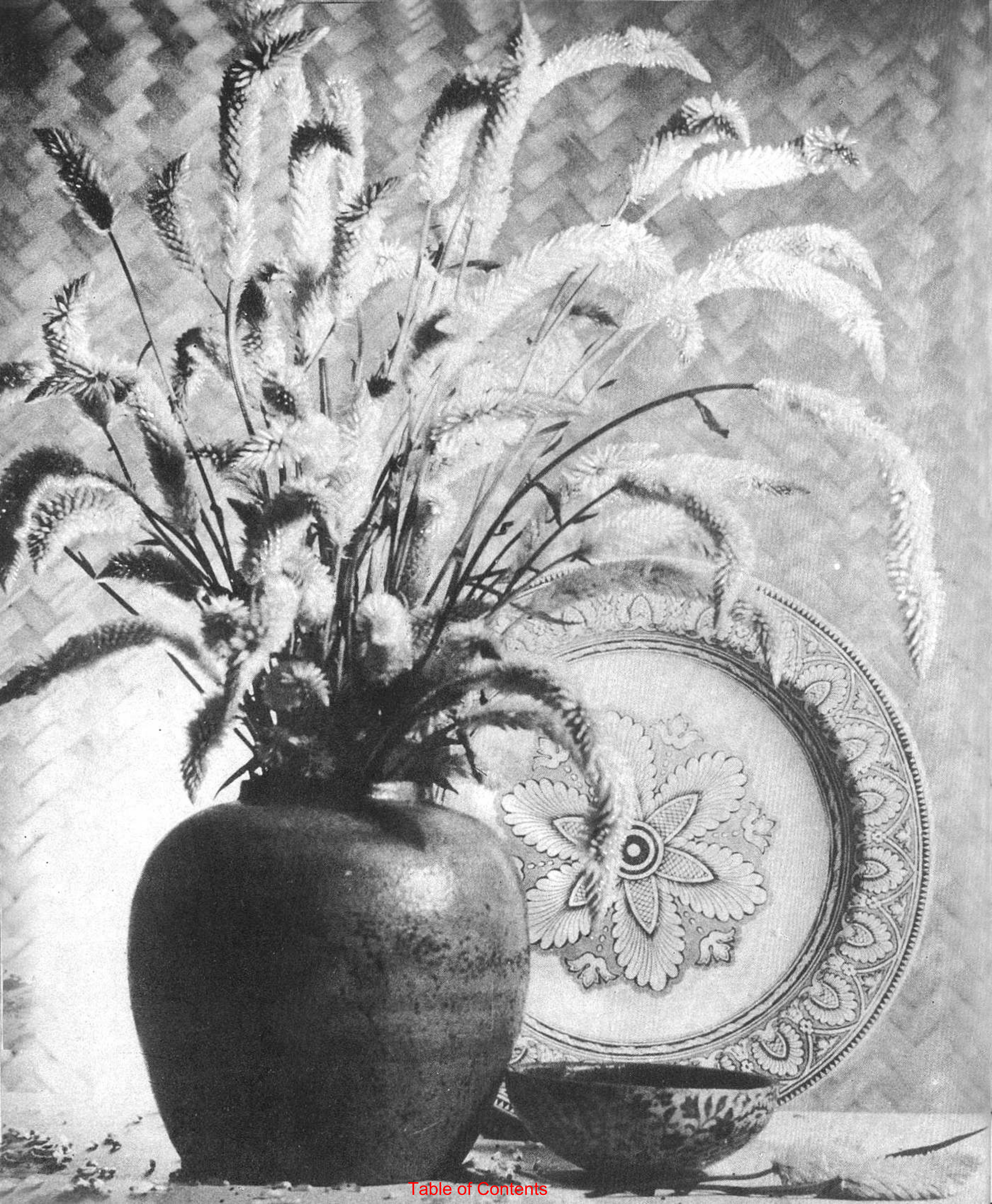


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94. STILL LIFE

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95. STILL LIFE

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PORTRAITS

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96. DRAMA CHARACTER

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97. BHARATI.





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98. BEAUTY & THE BEAST

This is the portrait of the famous writer Mrs. Kamala Phadke.

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99. PURNIMA.

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100. MOTHER

Mumma!
Keki's mother! His inspiration!

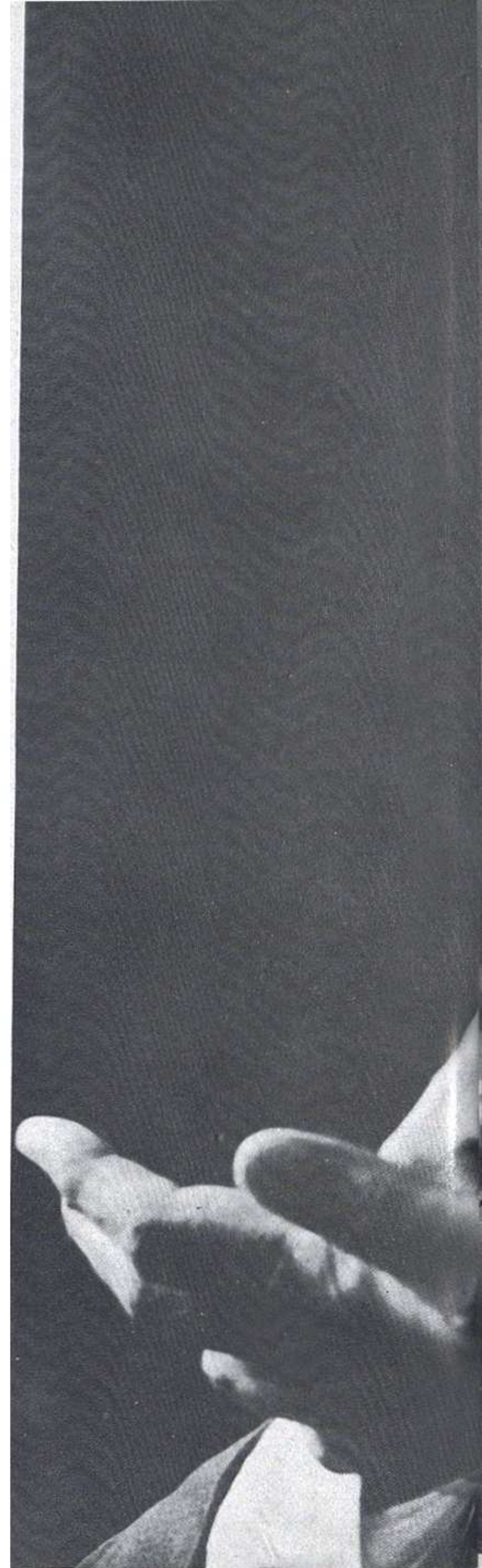
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101. THY WILL BE DONE

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102. DEFENCE OBJECTS

A lawyer raising objection. Mr. Moos is the model.

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103. AGONY

The tear drops were the effect of sunlight.
For exhibition this was titled 'Echoes of Bengal'.

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104. THE WITCH

The old woman is from the "Phase-Pardhi" community. She came to ask for medicine. She flatly refused to sit for the protrait. Mr. Moos persuaded her and he took about 80 pictures. Awarded the gold medal of the Belgaum Fine Art Society.

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105. BAL GANDHARVA (NATSAMRAT)

Protrait taken 45 years ago, when Bal Gandharva visited Mr. Moos's studio. He punned on his name by saying "You are a gold 'Moos'" ('Moos' is used by goldsmiths for purifying gold)

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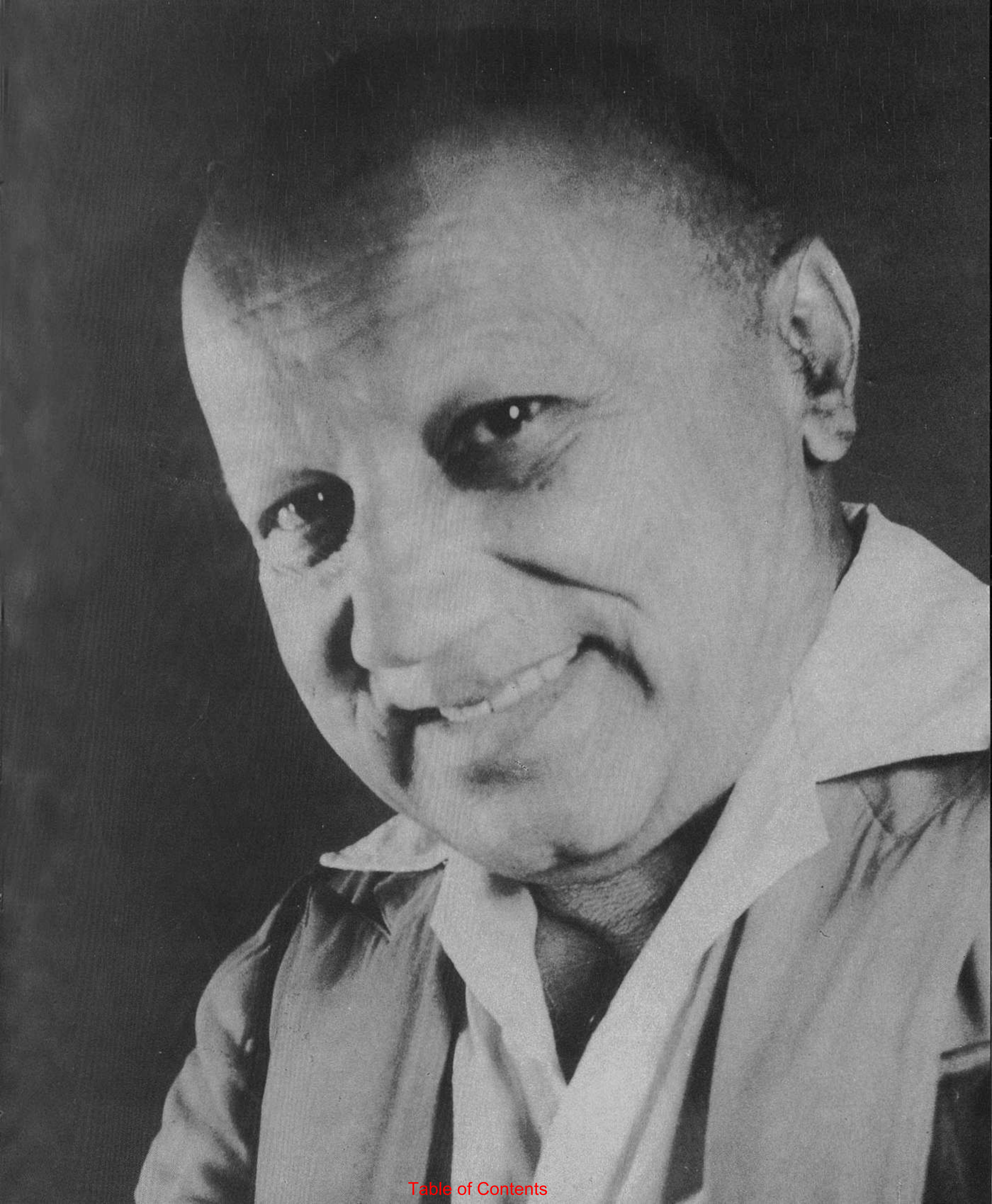


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106. BALAM PORTER

A winner in all India and International Salons, awarded the special prize of the Royal Society of Great Britain.

107. PAMPUSHETH

A self portrait the artist himself in the role of Pampuseth in 'Kavadichumbak' a play by Acharya Atre.



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108. AMITABH BACHHAN?

An angry old man. Prof. Sahasrabuddhe is the model.

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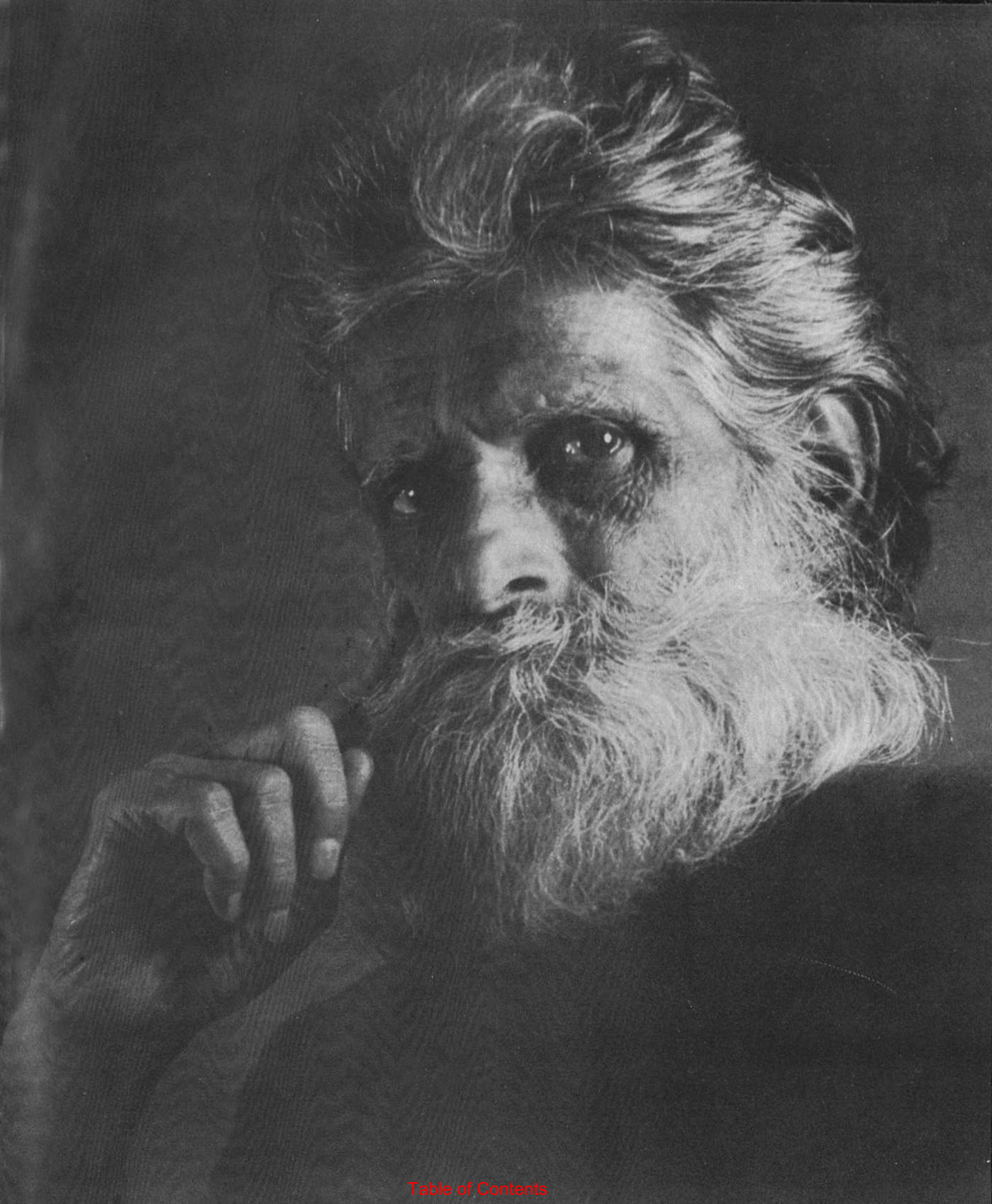


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109. MOOS ESQUIRE.

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110. ARTIST AT WORK

Another self portrait.

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111. INDIAN BRIDE

A typical Indian bride.

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112. PEEP INTO THE PAST

Protrait of a doctor friend of Mr. Moos. Mark the skin texture and the expression of the eyes.

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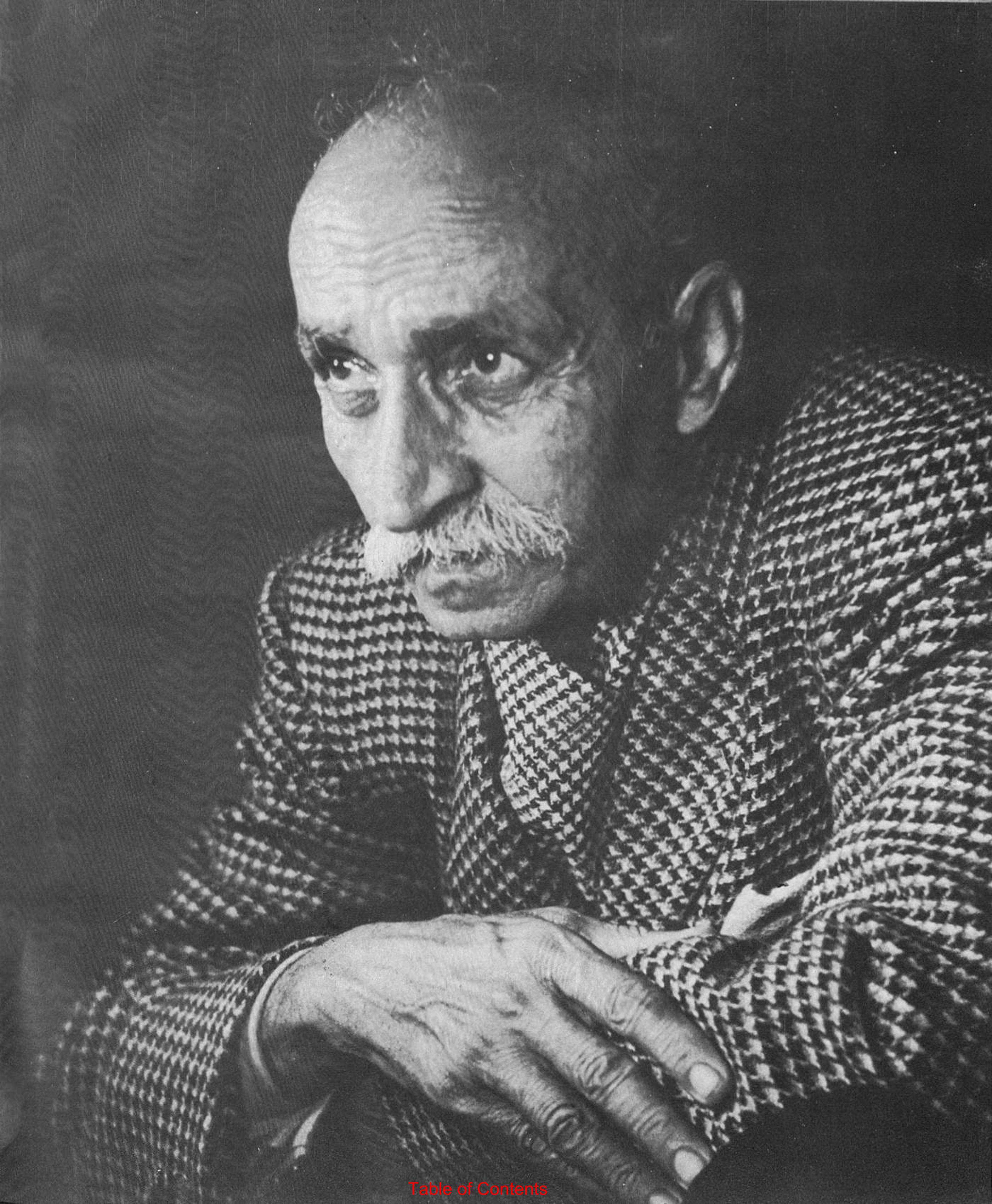


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114. SYBIL

Sybil is a pretty girl lost in memories. She is day-dreaming.

113. FRIGHT

The baby was really frightened as she was told a story of a giant.



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115. ASTROLOGER

Photograph of an astrologer that visited Mr. Moos's house.

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116. DR. KARVE.

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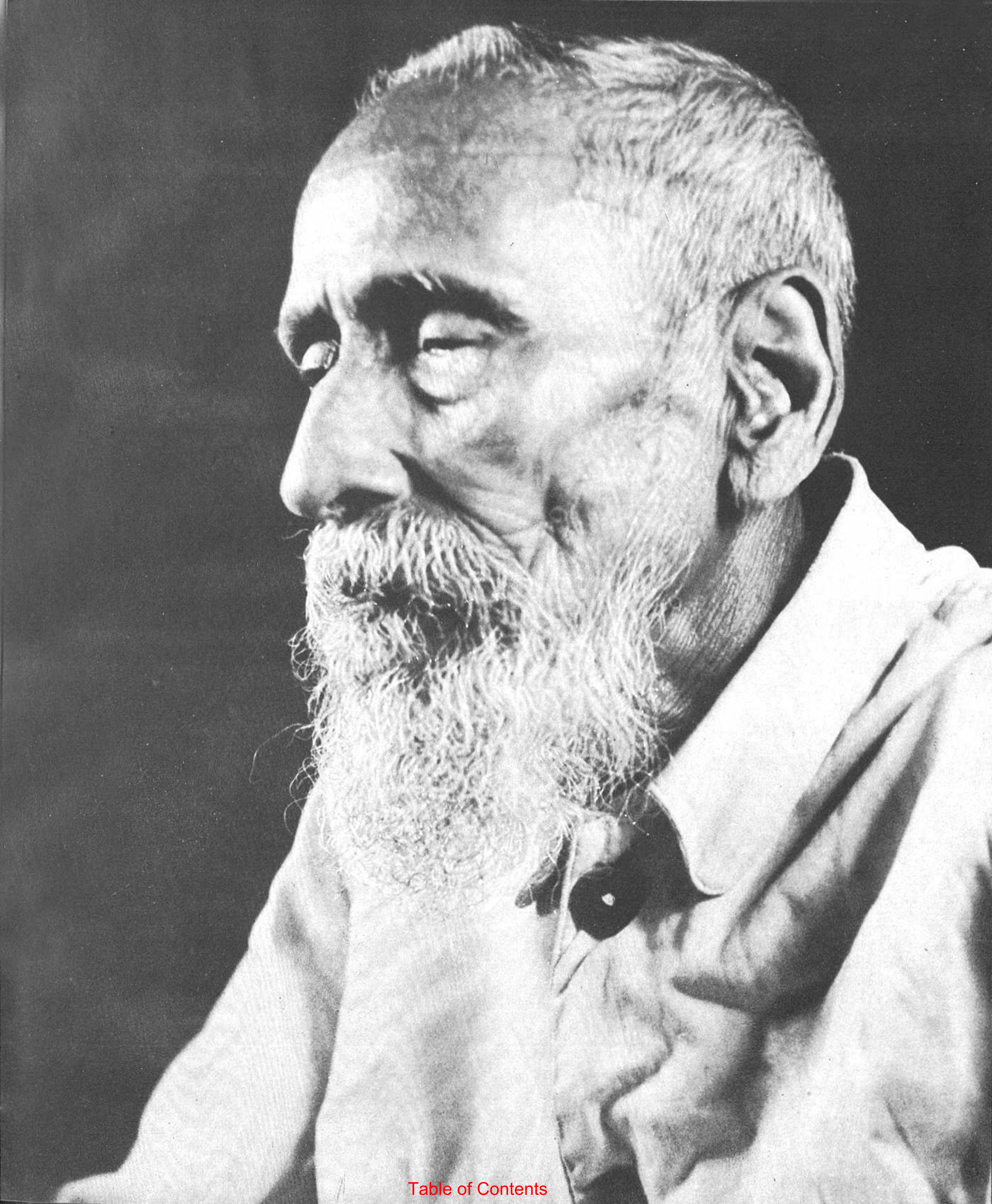


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117. KEKI MOOS

Self portrait.

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ANIMAL BIRD STUDY

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118. TITAR.

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119. DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

The birds cooperated for exposure but would not face each other.

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120. BARNYARD BULLY

A living cock!
Hung in International salons.

121. MAY MY TRIBE INCREASE

Actual hen and chicken were used as models.



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122. SAMADHI.

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123. PHILOSOPHER

Seeing this picture the well-known Marathi novelist Prof. N.S. Phadke asked Moos, "How is it that this philosopher of yours has no beard?" Mr. Moos replied, 'He is a modern philosopher like you.'

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124. ROOPALI

A pleasing dog!



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125. BLACKIE AT BAY

Portrait of a dog. It belonged to the Artist Moos himself.

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126. NEELKANTH

A photograph taken in a room with a normal lens kept at a distance of 10" from the subject.

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127. LOVE LOCKED OUT

A title suggested by Mr. Moos himself.

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MISC PICTURES

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128. LIGHT OF ASIA

Prize winning picture at International and All India Salons.
A small plaster of paris figure of Lord Buddha was used. The glass was kept behind and the light was also from behind.

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129. SAIRA BANU

A newspaper cutting of Saira Banu's photo was covered with a glass and exposed from bird's eye angle.

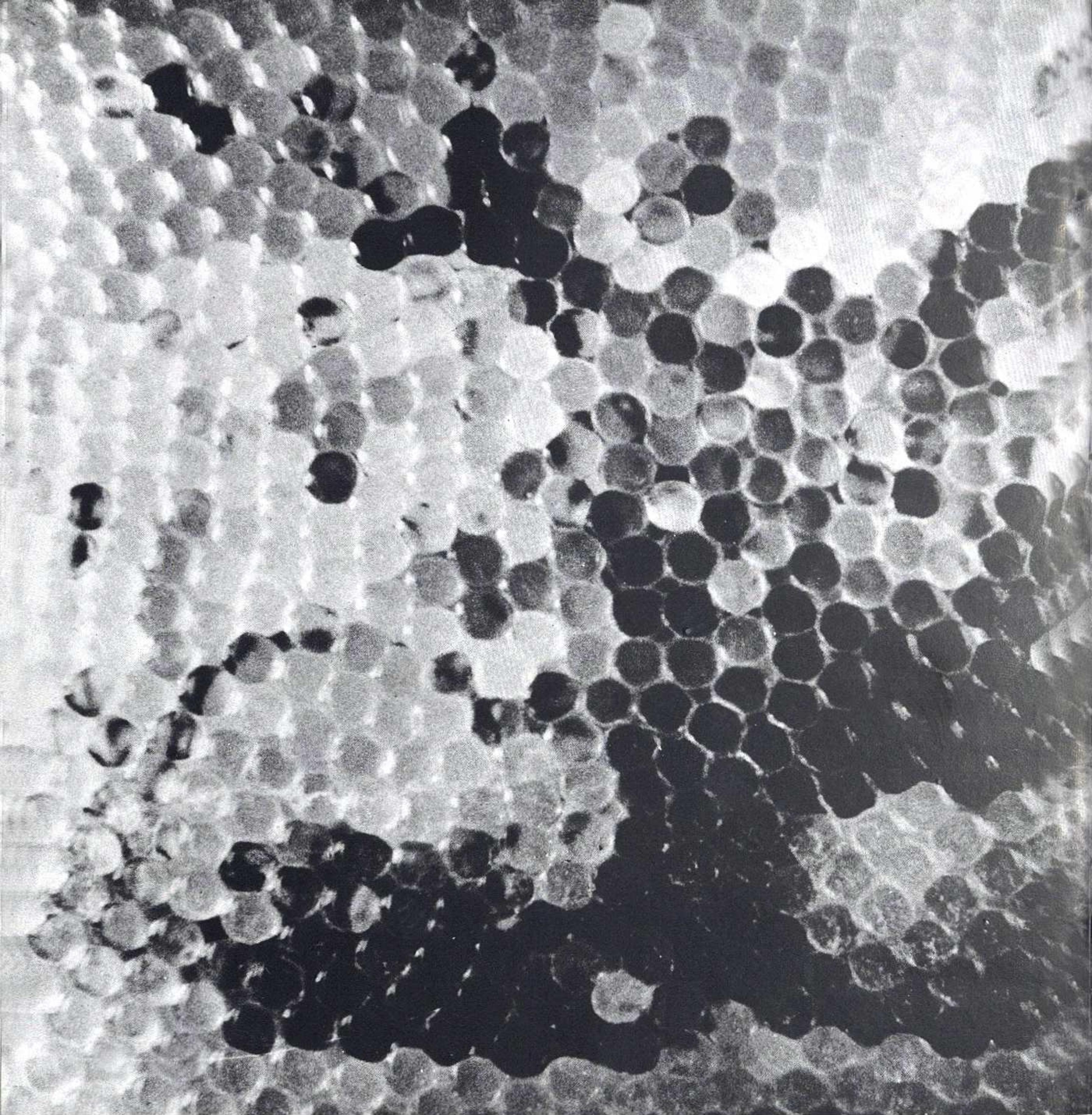
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130. NAYANA SAHU

A copying from a printed photograph alone with a technique used for (129).



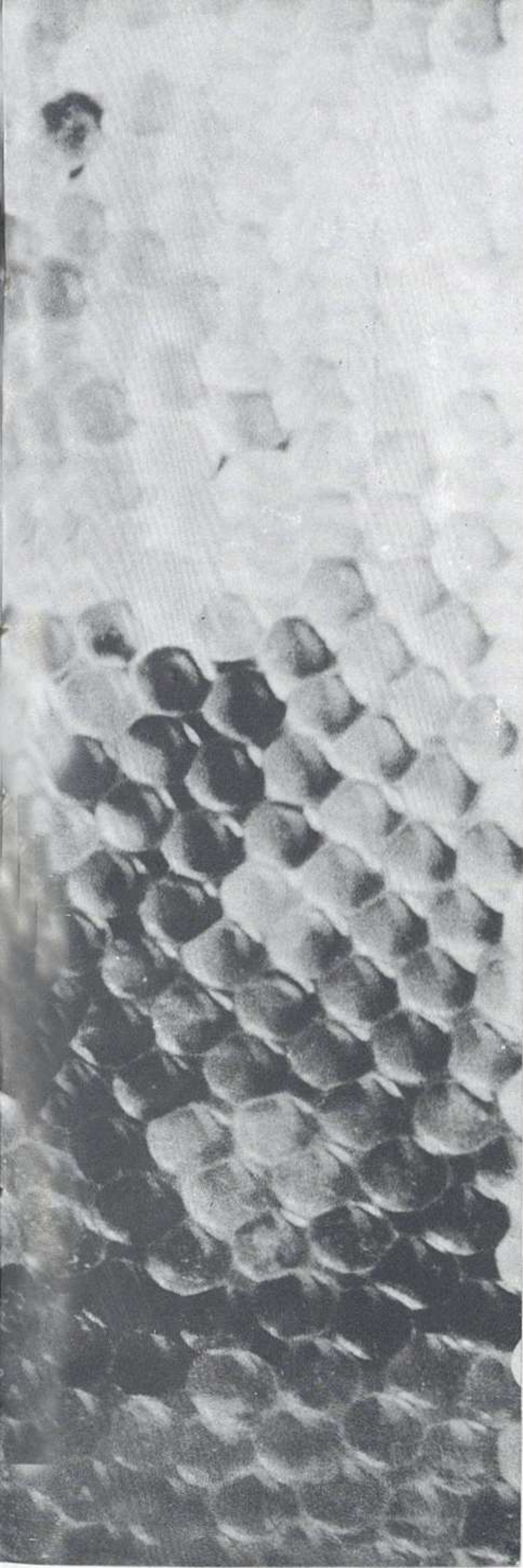
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131. ABSTRACT STILL LIFE

Still life exposed after covering it with glass.

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132. PRIYADARSHINI

Portrait of Indira Gandhi, exposed through a glass screen.

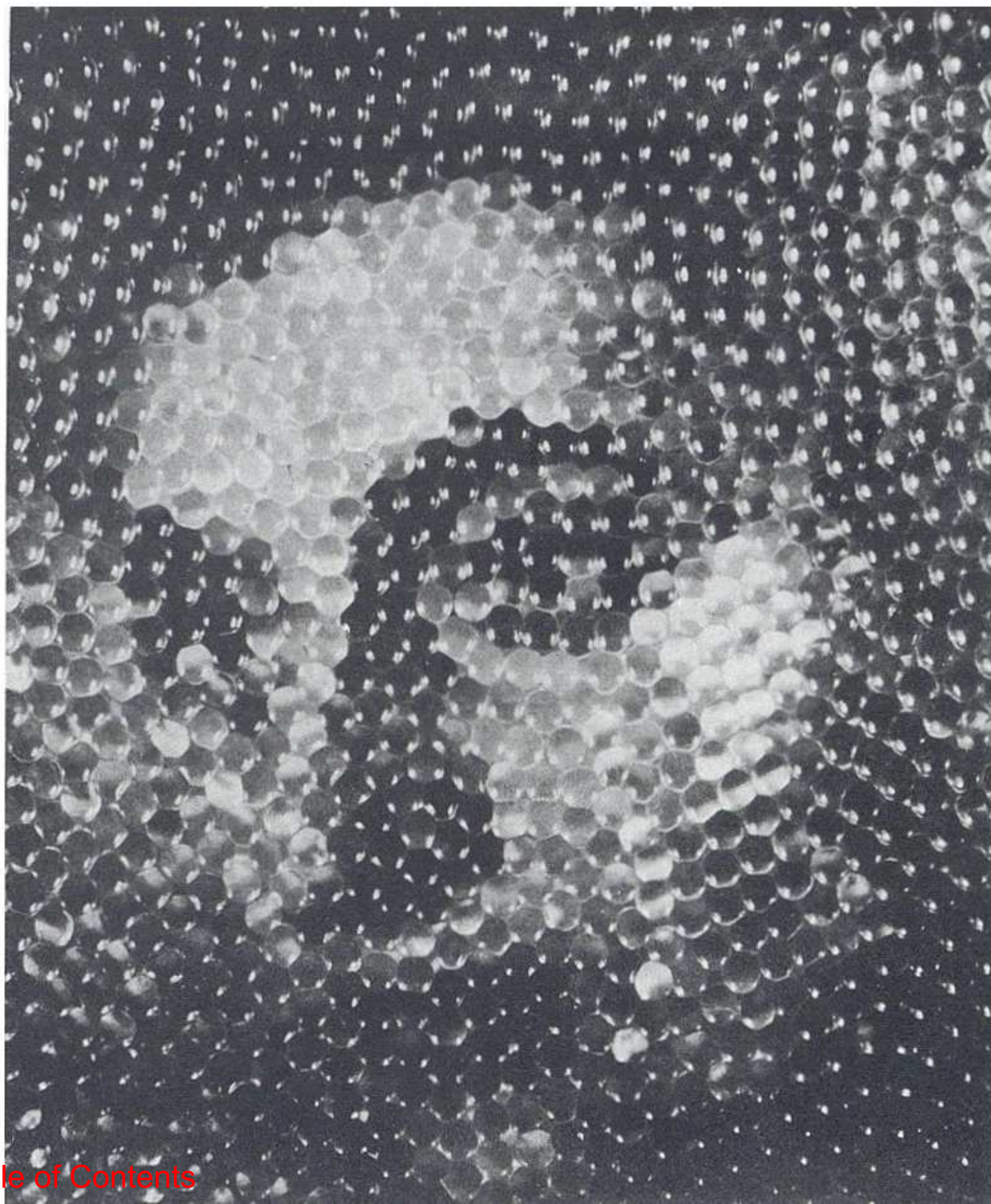


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133. GHOST

An example of purposeful double exposure. A picture depicting the soul of the artist returning to the studio to complete unfinished work.

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134. UNCHANGING TIME

International and All India Salons prize winning picture taken before 1950. With the confirmation of two negatives this print is exposed for its special effect.

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135. HIS MASTER'S PORTRAIT

A humorous picture.
The dog has painted his master's portrait, playing the role of an artist.

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136. RIDER

A picture taken at Walzeri a small village near Chalisgaon.
One of the few open air landscapes.
First Prize winner in the kodak India magazine.
Was also purchased by Eastman kodak company of England for their famous book on photography.
'How to make good pictures?'

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138. IRON ASSEMBLY.

137. IRON ASSEMBLY

This was prepared from waste iron materials. A glass was kept before the object and lighting from back was provided for this subject.

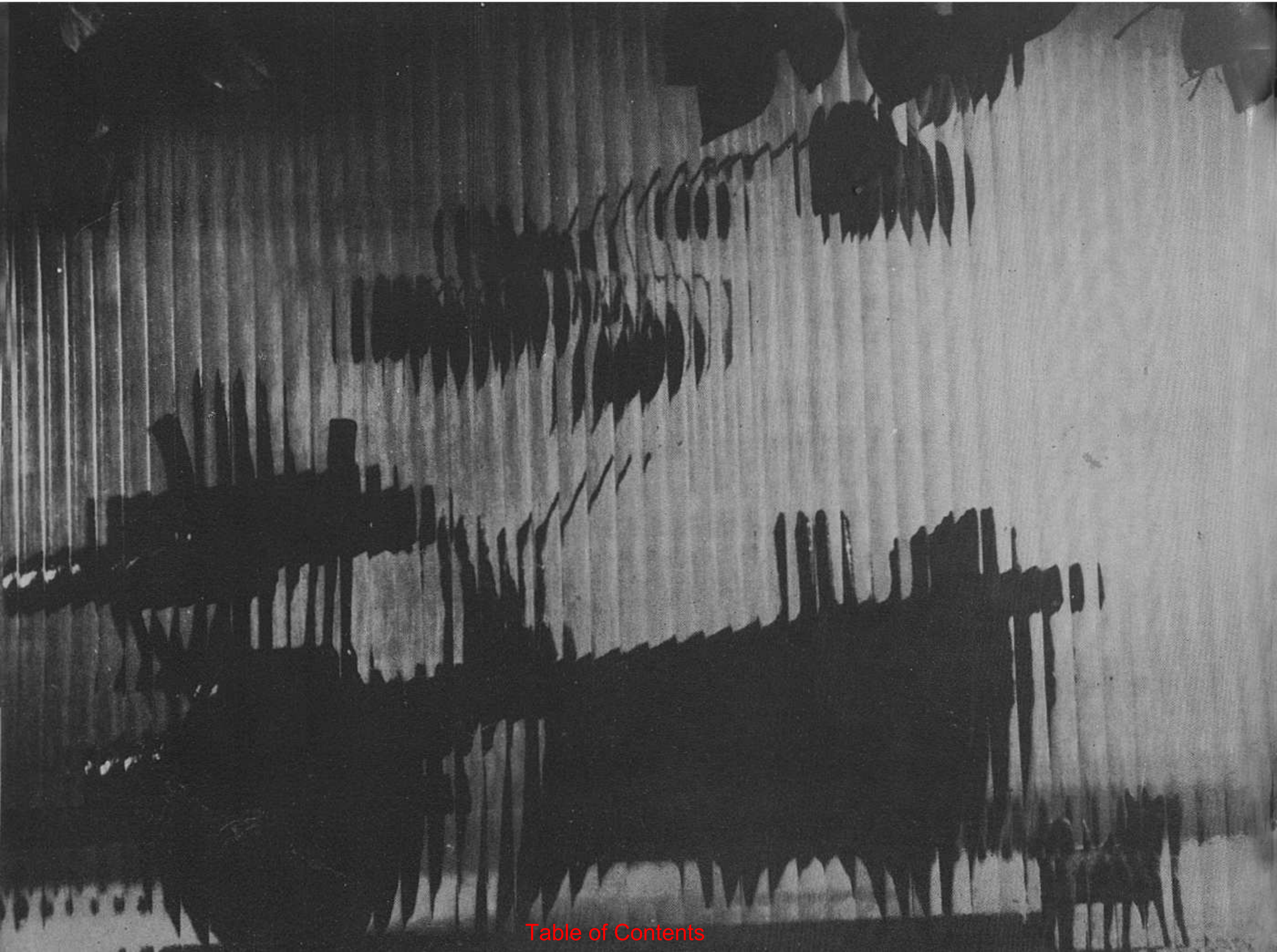


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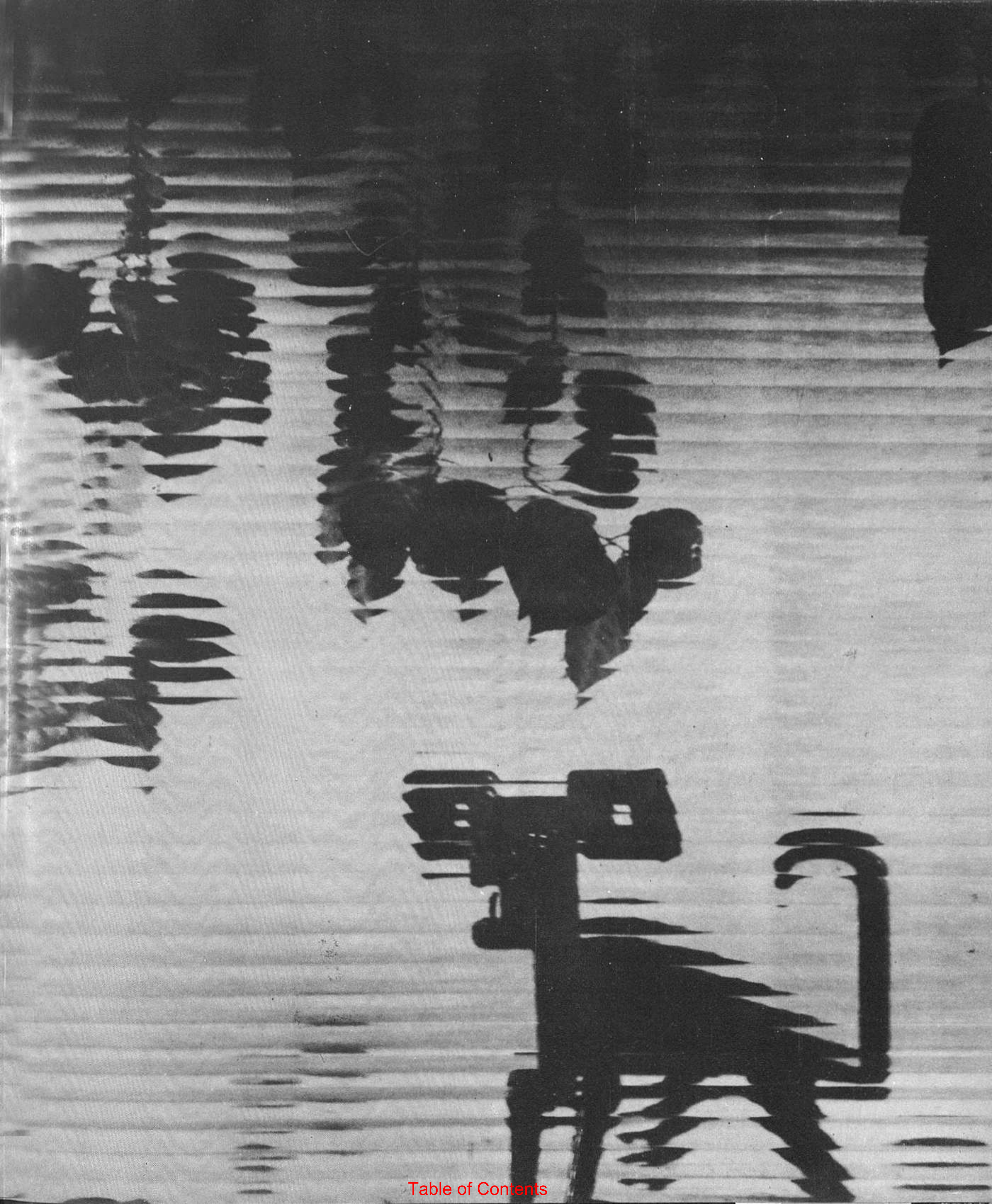


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139. RAAG SHANKARA

World famous Ram Gopal suggesting
"What next?"
Mr. Moos is seen with Sitar. This is a combination of two independen photographs.

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140. GANGA

This is an original statue of Ellora caves.

Like King Bhagirath who brought the Ganga from heaven to earth, Mr. Moos and Mr. Ram Sutar the famous sculptor of Delhi brought the Ganga of artistic revolution. Bhagirath took 4500 years the two artists took only six months.

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141. THIRSTY

A landscape study taken at Walzeri a holy place. Awarded IInd Prize by Kodak.



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142. WHEELS WITHIN THE WHEEL

An exercise in depth of focus. The nearest wheel was only at 2 feet distance, whereas the two cycles were nearly 20 feet away.

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143. TODAY AND TOMMOROW

144. SOAP PATTERN

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145. ARTIST EVAPORATES

Here the artist is shown relaxing on his easy-chair. Only the clothes are visible and the body has evaporated.
Awarded first prize by the Illustrated Weekly of India.

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146. TRAPPED

Brid's eye view of a squirrel trapped. Actually the trap was kept for rats. Accidently a squirrel was trappen. Instead of throwing it away it was snapped in a diagonal composition.

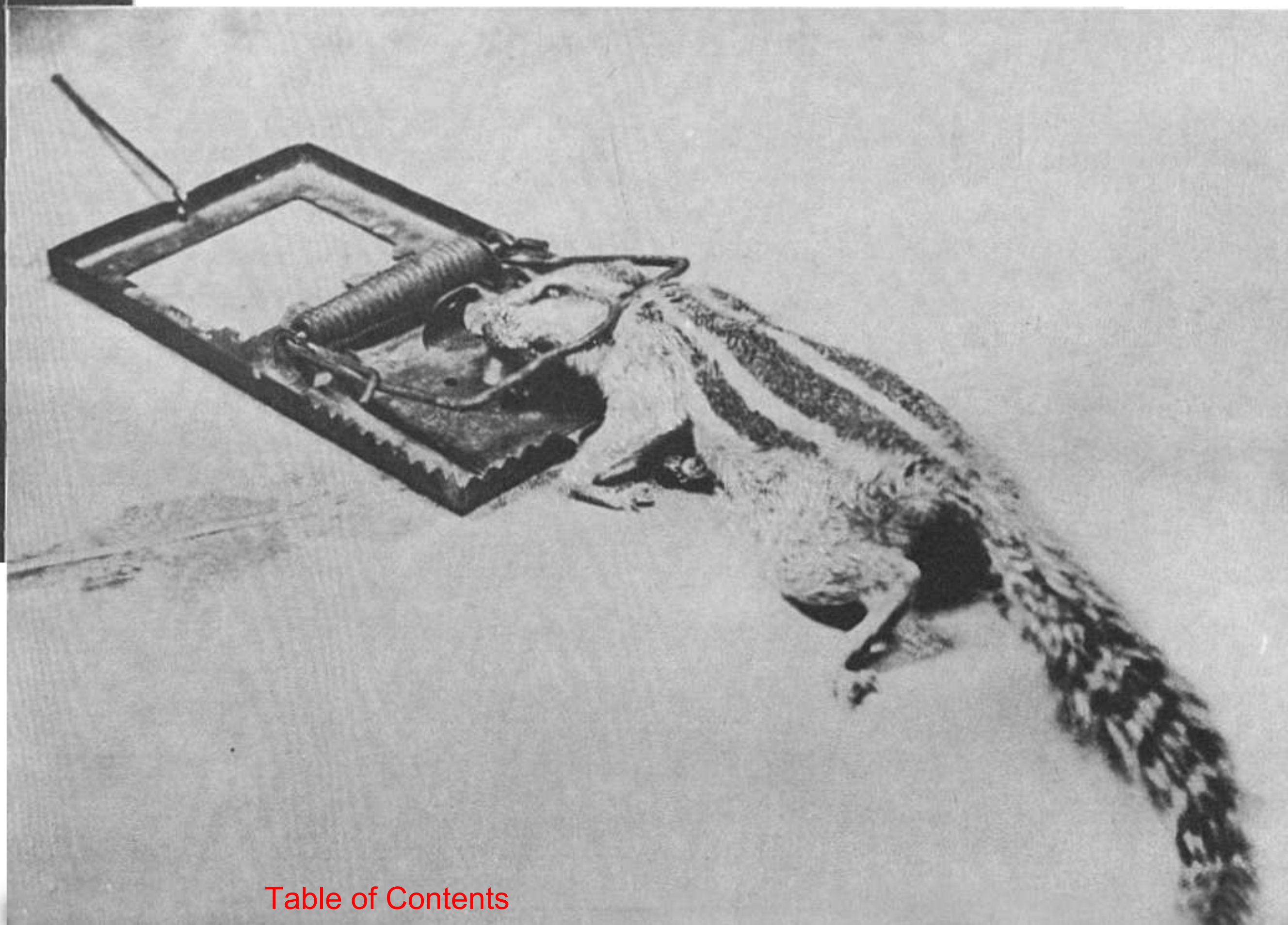


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147. LOVE IN EGYPT

This is a subject of the famous land-to-land series of cartoonist Morio's love scene in Egypt. The figure with the machine gun is that of artist moos himself.

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148. LOVE IN JAPAN

Again from Morio's series of love scenes land to land. Mr. Moos has used this cartoon simply adding the photograph of Mr. Phadke's head.

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149. ESCAPE

Once Prof. M.V. Phatak of Chalisgoan presented Mr. Moos a porcelain cat and asked him to snap it. Mr. Moos painted Prof. Phadke's bungalow and showed the cat coming out of the gate.

150. ONIONS AWAKENED

A simple picture with an attractive idea behind it.

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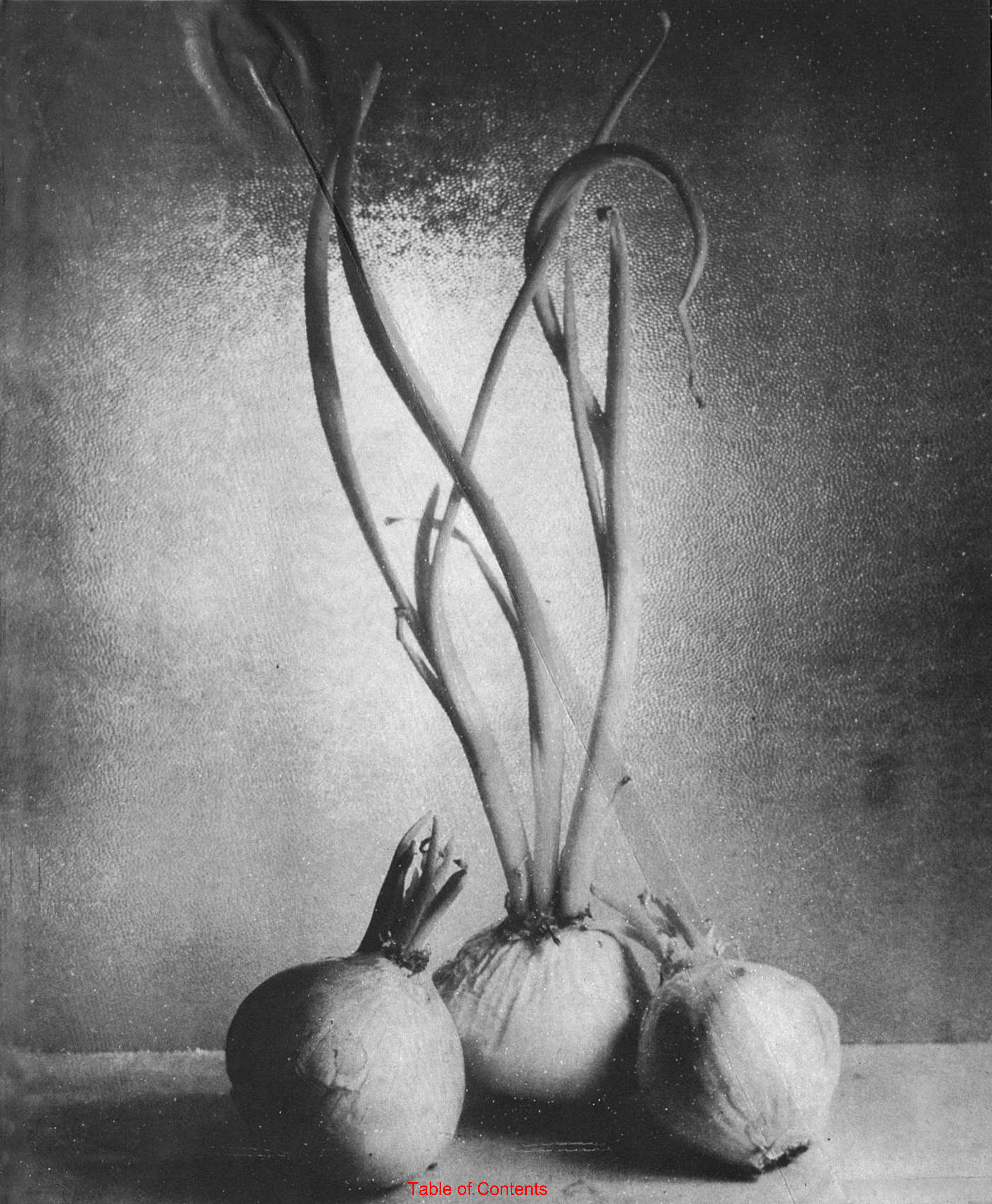


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